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JOHN BULL

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For meaning of this number see page 269.

The world is a bundle of hay;
Mankind are the asses who pull;
Each tugs it a different way,
And the greatest of all is John Bull

—BYRON.

Edited by
HORATIO BOTTOMLEY.

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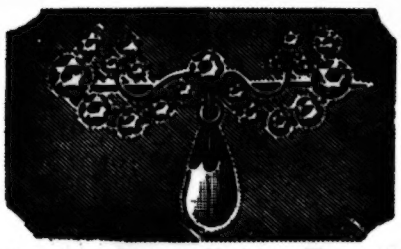

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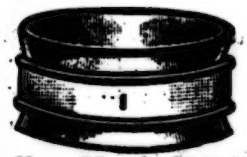

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THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE DEVIL.

[*The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.*]

We do not pretend that we are in a position to reproduce, *in extenso*, the Kaiser's famous letter to Lord Tweedmouth. But we are able to give an extract from it. Here it is:—

> *Tell Lord Esher not to interfere in matters he does not understand. What does he know about battleships? Let him confine his attention to the new drainage arrangements at Windsor Castle.*

If, upon comparison with the original, it should be found that the phrase "drainage arrangements" is not there, it will also be found that, in adopting it, we have endeavoured to clothe the actual expression in a less unconventional garb. As our readers are aware, we are entirely opposed to the policy of magnifying an incident of this kind into an affair of public importance. The extract we give is sufficient to show the informal character of the communication, and Lord Tweedmouth would have been well advised had he kept it to himself. We offer no opinion upon the Kaiser's estimate of Lord Esher's qualifications. We are not naval experts—and we have not stayed at the Castle lately.

Take, for instance, the conduct of the *Times* in regard to the matter. Surely such a breach of good taste, and indeed of elementary decency, emphasises the fact that the old order is firmly entrenched at the *Times* office. The dual control, with its encyclopædia frauds and book-shop tricks, is to continue; the shade of Pigott is still to dominate the destinies of what was once almost a national institution. We shall now hear no more of Mr. Pearson's advent, which was to have restored decency and commercial morality to Printing House Square. This is to be regretted, for the *Times* possesses a potential prestige, which, in able and disinterested hands, might have been turned to beneficent uses. As it is, our only wonder is that the paper still attracts any sort of serious attention. After all, it is merely a survival from the heavy, clumsy age of Victoria; it is not well written; its foreign correspondents are, as a rule, prejudiced; even the letters, which once reflected the opinions of distinguished men, have now been replaced by the lucubrations of bores and quacks. *Bref*, the *Times* is now only a ghastly anachronism, and the sooner it is allowed to wend its way to inevitable bankruptcy, the better for the fair fame of British journalism.

Again, we notice that the *Mail* complains that his lordship was silent on the charge that in his answer to the German Emperor he communicated to his Imperial Majesty, either in full or in substance, the British Navy Estimates, of which Parliament was not at the time in possession. As this charge was made in a letter over the sign X in the *Times*, it is really absurd that he should be asked to waste his breath upon it. It is even more insulting, more irresponsible, and wilder than that which the *Times* itself made, and looks almost like a malicious invention. Even the *Mail* might give its political opponents credit for a modicum of Providential sanity.

We have predicted that the Licensing Bill will be the undoing of the Government. Hastings has already justified our prophecy—and now comes Peckham. We ask our readers to keep their eyes on Peckham. Won, by a big majority from the Opposition at the General Election, and comprising all sections of the popular electorate, it affords an ideal battleground. Watch Peckham.

Here is an interesting sidelight upon the Licensing Question:—

> As a disgusted Liberal, may I draw your attention to the influence of cocoa upon the present monstrous Licensing Bill? Two years ago, to my personal knowledge, Rowntrees guaranteed £1,000 a year to the Temperance Legislation League, which is represented in the House by Sir T. P. Whittaker.
>
> Of course, Messrs. Rowntree may be perfectly disinterested in their desire to reduce the sale of intoxicating drink. But they *are* cocoa merchants!

There are evidently some broad-minded clergymen knocking about. One of them is the Rev. Frederick Willoughby, vicar of St. John's, Stockton. He doesn't believe in closing the public-houses, and thus driving drink into the home; whilst on the question of Sunday Closing he asks, "Do we get in a tin of condensed milk on Saturday night? No, we like new milk for our tea, and the poor man likes fresh beer for his dinner." And then the reverend gentleman proceeds :—

The "liquor traffickers" are, in the vast majority of cases, baptised members of the Church of Christ as much as I am. I have yet to learn that all men have not a right to look for justice and fair play from the Church of Christ. When I see the intemperance of temperance men—advocating measures of confiscation and coercion and inventing sin where there is no sin—I look upon many of the "liquor traffickers" whom it is my privilege to be acquainted with, and I compare their quiet fulfilment of a daily round of difficult and responsible duty with the boastful Pharisaism of the paid temperance agitators and their cliques, and I have no difficulty at all in deciding where I think I see the signs of those who are walking worthy of the vocation wherewith they are called.

Sounds common-sense, doesn't it?

Another level-headed parson is the Rev. R. C. Fillingham, who writes us from Hexton Vicarage, Hitchin :—

I am a parson and a Radical, but I hope a man of common-sense, and in the name of common-sense I thank you for taking a stand against the kill-joy measure called the Licensing Bill. As far as I understand its provisions, it will extinguish in many parishes the inn altogether—and the inn is often the only place where the poor man can take his ease. What is the working-man to do for his evening glass of beer? Why should he be deprived of it? Why is his taste to be regulated by the fanatical crotchets of others? Rural England will be in revolt, and rightly, against the Government if it presses on this Bill. The working man will say, with his ancestor of the days of William the Fourth :

"I likes a drop of good beer, I does,
I'se partickler fond of good beer, I is,
And I say, 'Damn his eyes
Whoever tries
To rob a poor man of his beer.'"

We hope Mr. Fillingham won't get into trouble with his Bishop.

The *Spectator* suggests that Mr. Morley should be Chancellor of the Exchequer in succession to Mr. Asquith. This is cruel, and we plead that Mr. Morley may be permitted to enjoy some well-earned repose in the evening of his days. He is quite out of his element as a politician; whilst the suggestion that he should take charge of the nation's finances is typical of the old journalistic school of thought. The idea of the job being given to a business man is heresy.

A racing cup used as a chalice! Such is the story told in the *Daily News*. The inscription, it appears, was engraved on the bottom, and was not noticed for many years. It was won by a gee-gee named Exile, at Cheltenham races in 1833. It's almost as heart-rending as the story of the faithful pilgrims who for generations had paid homage to the congealed blood of a saint upon the floor of the church, but which, upon recent analysis, turned out to owe its origin to nothing more romantic than the carelessness of a hawk.

One of the Labour Members is a poet. When the result of the Hastings election came up, he passed to us a slip of paper containing the following effusion :—

With Norman spear and battle-axe
Upon a well-fought field
Eight centuries and more ago
The Saxon's fate was sealed.
Now History repeats itself,
For, doomed to thwacks and bastings,
Our country's hopes, once held so high,
Are crushed to earth at Hastings.

Public philanthropists spring up in the most unlikely places. The latest to attract attention is the Gas Light and Coke Company, who have engaged a number of demonstrators in economy—a band of young women who visit the houses of users of gas stoves to instruct them in the beneficent art of saving gas. Their demonstrations show how to boil a kettle and a saucepan over one group of jets instead of two; also how to arrange a number of dishes so that they can all be cooked at once instead of one by one. Obviously there is great scope in the land for the blessed efforts of these talented ladies. Thousands of husbands would like their wives to know how to manage the gas oven so as to fry onions in the vicinity of rhubarb pie and roly-poly pudding without the fragrance of the onions being communicated to the sweeter dishes. May the Gas Light and Coke Company prosper abundantly.

By the way, Sir Wilfrid Lawson, who devoted his long life to going on the stump for the pump, is to have his biographer in Mr. G. W. E. Russell, who seems to be rapidly achieving distinction as Biographer-General of the Human Race. There is doubtless much in the life of Sir Wilfrid worth the telling. He was a one-idead fanatic, but he was also a humorist, and there were thrilling moments in his career when he was assailed with bags of flour and assorted vegetables. In his day he committed more alleged poetry than any of his contemporaries, Parliamentary or other—reams of it being "dropped in the lobbies." As a national figure, and certainly he was that, he fought and friended many men of eminence, so that his pugnacities and affections alike should make good reading. The world loves a good fighter. Sir Wilfrid was not only the Hackenschmidt, but the Tommy Burns of the teetotal movement. How he would have enjoyed being in this new licensing row! As Mr. Russell will probably make good use of plentiful material, he has prospects of seeing his biography sell like hot cakes.

During the hearing of a Liverpool case, in which six men were charged with using a club for tape-betting, Mr. F. E. Smith, M.P., created an amusing diversion in his capacity as advocate by reading from the tape a message stating that Mr. Balfour "intended to conduct the next Parliamentary session with spirit and resolution." To do him justice, Mr. Balfour is trying his hardest to live up to his prophetic mentor amid conditions of depression and circumstances of anxiety, with the assistance of Mr. Smith, who was the first Parliamentarian to discover that "there are more ways of addling an egg than by getting an Under-Secretary to sit on it." The Government have found one of the other ways, and the addling is now being done by no less a person than the Chancellor of the Exchequer for the entertainment of the utterly teetotal. What is worse, we fear that egg will be thrown at them at the next General Election.

Albert Street, Barnsbury, is one of the poorest quarters of the district. The street is let out in tenements. In No. 24 lived five families. An old man in a room below was boiling pitch with the intention of mending the roof. His attention was distracted, the pitch boiled over; in a few minutes the room was in flames, which rapidly mounted upstairs. A woman and her children living on the upper floor were cut off by the smoke and fire. The distracted woman appeared at the window, and in response to the cries of the crowd below she threw down one of her children, but it crashed into the area below. She threw another child, who was impaled on the railings. Next she threw her baby, and in this instance the crowd were able to save the child from destruction. Then the woman made her way along the coping to a neighbouring tenement, and was rescued. These are the bare details of one of the most terrible

tragedies of the poor we have heard of for many a day. Let anybody who is inclined to make light of the housing problem in the slums think a moment what is implied in the cause of the outbreak of the flames; an old man boiling pitch to mend the roof! Even dogs and horses and cattle are better housed than thousands of London's poor.

Without any intention of causing dissensions in the Cabinet, and solely in the interests of a differentiative psychology, we shall be glad to have further and fuller information from Dr. Albert Wilson on a matter of supreme national importance. Lecturing before the Sociological Society the other evening, he exhibited a fine example of a successful burglar, a man whom he described as "the most dangerous criminal of the Victorian era." Placing his hand on Mr. Bill Sikes's shoulder, he discoursed. "Gentlemen," he said, "this man has the brain of a Cabinet Minister. I am prepared to go farther than this. I consider that he has a brain superior to many Cabinet Ministers, certainly superior to that one I have in mind." By Dr. Wilson's leave, which Cabinet Minister has he in mind? It seems only fair that the House of Commons, nay, that the whole country, should be warned ere it be too late. One of these days, otherwise, that Cabinet Minister may break out, burgle the sword and the mace, and leave the night police weltering in their gore. We undertake to make use of Dr. Wilson's confidences with adequate discretion.

Down, or rather up, in Bootle, is a gentleman named William Millerchen. He lives at 38, Stanley Road, and he is a wholesale and retail pork butcher. But he is also, apparently, a recent convert to Christianity, and, like all converts, he has "got it badly." On the bags in which he serves his succulent sausages, he describes himself as "A poor Sinner, saved by the Grace of God—Praise the Lord"; and all round the margin of the bag are various texts from Scripture—including the most appropriate verse from Hebrews ix., "Without shedding of blood is no remission." Poor little piggies! We are told that some of the bags, containing meat pies, bear the words, "Prepare to meet thy God"—doubtless equally appropriate. And *yet* they prosecuted Mr. Harry Boulter for blasphemy!

Poor Wellington's monuments seem to have a knack of getting into trouble. There is that one in St. Paul's over which architects are wrangling because no two of them agree as to what the deceased sculptor Stevens intended it to look like when finished. We are reminded of another, hidden away in a dismal part of the country, thrown on a dust-heap, so to speak. This is the figure that once upon a time stood at Hyde Park Corner, but had to be removed as it obstructed the view from Apsley House windows, or for some other weighty reason. So it was conveyed in pieces to Aldershot, and in an out-of-the-way spot, behind the Red Church, the Iron Duke sits on his charger, lonely and forgotten, pointing with his Field Marshal's baton across Laffan's Plain, where, unless there is some material improvement just lately, the place is overrun by the riff-raff of the place. When we were last there, the fencing was broken and the plants and shrubs were torn to pieces, while at nightfall nobody respectable would venture near the spot. Indeed, our readers may remember that a year or two ago this statue at Aldershot was dragged from its obscurity by the foul murder of an unfortunate at its base, and the subsequent execution of two men at Winchester. Such is fame.

It seems desirable in the public interest that attention should be directed to the sale of certain penny tablets of beef extract advertised as having "valuable vegetable properties" added to it, and which, if dissolved in a cupful of boiling water, is said to produce a nutritious beef tea. An analysis shows that they contain a certain quantity of beef extract, a little gelatine and a quantity of *yeast*. It is this yeast which is indicated in the advertisements as giving to the tablets "valuable vegetable properties." When the Man in the Street reads about vegetables, however, he has clearly in his mind's eye the substances sold in the greengrocer's shop. He does not bargain for a mass of yeast (or its extract), which is a fungus used in brewing and baking, to produce alcohol for the brewer and carbonic acid gas for the baker to "raise" his dough. And it may be that the consumption of yeast is not by any means a desirable thing from a health point of view. At the very least the penny dreadful packet or tablet of beef extract, with its so-called "valuable vegetable properties," can at its best be but a poor imitation of the real beef preparation, and it is right the public should be made aware of the fact.

How is it that London's great waterway is so little taken advantage of? It is melancholy to read of the sale of the goods and chattels of the once famous hostelry at Greenwich, the scene of those whitebait dinners of years ago. Then there were the sailing matches, down river picnics, and the penny steamers, all of which have now had their day. These reflections were forced upon us when reading a brief account of a little sailing match in 1661. "Charles II. and his brother, the Duke of York, raced from Greenwich to Gravesend. The King lost it going, the wind being contrary, but saved stakes in returning, his Majesty sometimes steering for himself." It would be quite possible for some of the Royal Family to make the river fashionable again. Failing this, won't some enterprising Lord Mayor have his "show" once more on the water?

We do not often look to Sir John Brunner for vigorous or inspiring pronouncements, but his recent remarks upon the degeneracy of the Press are worthy of attention. We are all in favour of healthy competition, but we agree with him that there are too many papers at the present day. The habit of purchasing and hastily perusing them at all hours and on every conceivable occasion has become a mania almost as pernicious as dram-drinking or injections of cocaine. Surely the time has come for persuading people to take a pledge to read no paper (except, perhaps, JOHN BULL) between meals. Sir John was also reasonably severe in dealing with the evil of sensationalism. We have nothing to say against news being made as readable as possible, but surely that can be done without screams and panics about every-day incidents. Nor is it necessary to give undue emphasis to the seamy side of life, as though there was nothing to gloat over but disasters. Let us insist upon having a few daily papers run upon cheery, optimistic lines, so that readers may be encouraged to appreciate the many undoubted joys of existence. In our opinion, it is quite soon enough to talk or read of misfortunes when they are forced upon us, without going out of our way to seek them. We would also plead that a little more respect might be shown to the private lives of public personages. There is no need to pander all the time to the appetite of Paul Pry.

That we are a long-suffering people is illustrated by the patience displayed by travellers on the tube railways. It is quite a common thing for a long queue of people to wait outside one solitary ticket-office while three or more hutches keep their shutters down so that the inmates may not be disturbed in their consumption of light literature. Then, again, a lift-man will wait lazily until his lift is packed to its uttermost capacity, caring nothing about passengers'

delays so long as his labours are reduced to a minimum. Conductors, too, are insufficiently provided with good manners. They will shout to their patrons to "hurry up!" as though they were addressing Lascars from a quarter-deck, and they have been known to slam iron doors in the faces of ladies when another second or two could easily have been spared. We think that passengers would do well to agitate and combine for the assertion of their rights.

At the same time we do not admit that passengers, even though they be timorous Members of Parliament, should be permitted to pull the alarm whenever it occurs to them that a train is travelling too fast. The sudden stoppage of a train might easily lead to accidents, and ought only to be tolerated in the event of great emergencies. The nerves of old ladies in trousers can never be accepted as a sufficient excuse, and we hope that Comrade Rowlands and his friends may be fined the extreme penalty of the bye-law.

The inevitable has happened at last, and the amazing thing is that it has not happened before. At a meeting of the Britannic Insurance Company, the chairman told his audience that one of the company's policy holders, who had entered "fifty or more Limerick competitions, of course unsuccessfully," had committed suicide, and the company had had to pay a claim of over £100. But that was not the worst. His untimely end broke his mother's heart, and the company had to pay the claim upon her policy as well. However, limericking is now dead, and the papers who lived out of it are yearning for something new, equally crazy, and equally difficult to bring to the test of honest judgment on merit. Thousands of coupons, delivered in sacks at offices, were never examined. It was merely a matter of a diving tub at a bazaar—hands in, hands out, and good luck to you. From first to last the competitions were tainted with grave suspicion. That a competitor should have become insane to the point of suicide by them is not surprising; what is surprising, is that he didn't murder two or three editors.

One of the latest yarns from New York is that a man has invented an automatic machine gun which fires 2,000,000 projectiles an hour with energy supplied by a 100-horse-power motor. He wants a million sterling for his invention, and if he doesn't get it he says he will destroy it, and leave the nations poorer for its loss. If the inventor will bring his machine to this office, or send it carriage paid with an hour's supply of bullets, we will arrange for a demonstration before the experts of the War Office on a row of sandbags, or windbags, according as they are the more easily obtainable in the market. For every 10,000 bullets fired, the inventor shall have a milky cocoanut; and if he wins 200 cocoanuts within the hour, Mr. Haldane will probably be willing to talk business. Meanwhile we take leave to regard that gun as the baseless fabric of a vision.

Behold the Bishop of Manchester in the white heat of wrath. "As a specimen of class legislation, of unscrupulous rapacity, and of religious intolerance in the twentieth century," says his spiritual lordship, "the Education Bill will no doubt deserve a place in historical archives by the side of racks, thumbscrews, boots, and other engines of torture." Yet the only object of that Bill is to put the public in charge of public schools, and to deliver the poor boy anxious to get on with his lessons from the multitude of fighting sects who drag him this way and that till he looks like dropping on the school floor with exhaustion. This Bill is, indeed, a mild and timid substitute for the only true solution of the education question—Secular State Education, with the bishops, priests, and parsons all shunted into their natural spheres of activity. But meantime, we gather that the Bishop of Manchester thinks the Licensing Bill a great and just measure. He-Haw!

The *Gazette van Brugge* seems to be unduly perturbed. Our contemporary says it is useless for Belgium to take over the Congo Free State, if after annexation, the Colony has to be placed under British suzerainty. But we do not want the Congo, as suzerain or otherwise. All we are concerned for is the preservation of the humanities of civilisation. We want to see Belgium stand before Europe and the world with clean hands. We want an end of slaughter and maiming and pillage and torture in the financial interests of that rapacious red rubber merchant, King Leopold. This is not much for one civilised people to demand from another. Probably there is not a pound of rubber coming from the Congo Free State which is not stained with blood. The administration of the State is an infamy in the sight of the world. Let Belgium take it over and govern it justly and humanely, and England will not interfere. She has quite enough to do to cultivate her own garden.

It appears that Lord Heytesbury, a Wiltshire peer, is one of the 182 candidates for the position of chief constable of the county, and that "he has been obtaining experience by working under the retiring chief constable." Far be it from us to say a word calculated to prevent a peer of the realm from earning his own living, always provided that his ability is equal to his post. A man cannot help being born a lord, and in the case of Lord Heytesbury, who seems to have come into the title without a silver spoon to eat his soup with, the desire to become an exalted policeman is perhaps more praiseworthy than natural. But there are 182 candidates for the post, many of them, doubtless, men of practical ability and wide experience in police service. Lord Heytesbury has no such experience and no such service, and when we read that he has been "obtaining experience under the retiring chief constable with a view of qualifying for the post," there seems some reason to fear that the local council who have the appointment in hand are afflicted with something more than a snobbish hope that he will get it. Let us put the case in this plain way. Supposing Lord Heytesbury were plain Bill Smith, would he have been allowed to "obtain experience" under the retiring chief constable, and even so, would he be elected over the heads of scores of applicants who have been through the mill?

Here are two more advertisements which lately appeared in the *Morning Post* close together, and afford an amusing contrast in spite of the smallness of their requests:—

> WANTED by Young Lady, Private FINANCIAL ASSISTANCE, small amount, for a short time, or arrangements could be made for lender to have rooms in house.—Address, Urgent, care of Wessel, 52, Morton-street, S.W.
>
> £10.—Will anyone LEND Lady in Debt through long illness; grateful for any help; reference; no response to former appeal.—Address Hope, 00203, "Morning Post" office, Strand, W.C.

We are not surprised that "Hope" has been disappointed or deferred, for she tells us very little. We are very sorry to hear that she has been ill for a long time, and that she has not made an invariable practice of paying ready money, but there are so many other people in the world who have suffered from similar misfortunes that we do not know why we should single her out as an object of our benevolence. It is true that she lays stress upon the fact that she only asks for a loan, but she does not strengthen her position by the frank admission that she has failed to satisfy

previous creditors. We are not sure that we should be doing her a good turn by adding to their number. Now, the other dabbler in finance certainly sounds more attractive. To begin with, she is young and a lady. Then she only requires the money for a short time. Finally, a lender would enjoy the opportunity of improving her personal acquaintance. Who knows? Perhaps a charming romance might be initiated by the humble agency of this discreet appeal. Certainly the romantic are more likely to be attracted by this prospect than by the brutal announcement of the "gentleman" who has suddenly made up his mind to make a start.

According to a Philadelphia paper, John Bull makes the best cloth in the world, but he is no tailor. We are obliged for the compliment and sorry for the complaint. At the same time, it has to be said in the interests of truth that not long ago one London tailor was commissioned to instruct all the Yankee tailors how to make regimentals for the Americans' own army. Likewise, Bond Street, Piccadilly, and Savile Row clothes are worn by most of the Yankee millionaries who are anxious for style, quality, and finish. The editor of the *Tailor and Cutter* may now like to address a few remarks in season to the dear brethern.

Surely it was rather silly of Don Alfonso to make such an outcry about the dangers of Barcelona as a preliminary to his visit. Of course he succeeded in suggesting that he was a very plucky fellow, but at the same time he put the idea of bomb-throwing into the minds of a good many people to whom the pastime might never have occurred. If the anarchists of Barcelona had wanted to kill Don Alfonso, it would surely have been easy for them to travel by train to Madrid. There would have been no special facilities for them in their own city, particularly when very elaborate precautions had been taken to prevent any demonstrations on their part. If we may be allowed to give a friendly word of advice to royal personages, we think they will do well to attract as little attention as possible, and not announce their apprehensions unnecessarily.

What is Your Number?

OUR WEEKLY BALLOT FOR FIFTY HELPERS AT A GUINEA APIECE.

Every copy of JOHN BULL bears upon its cover a distinctive number, and every week FIFTY of such numbers will be drawn and published on this page.

To each of the holders of copies of JOHN BULL bearing any of such numbers we will upon production of a sufficient portion of the cover to identify the date and number pay the sum of ONE GUINEA, in return for his (or her) using his best endeavour for one week to increase our circulation.

The following claims have been received for issues of January 25th, February 1st, and February 8th:—

Mr. W. TAYLOR, 83, Barrett's Grove, Stoke Newington, N. (No. 12889).
Mr. G J. ATKINSON, 88, Mona Road, Springvale, Sheffield (No. 70759).
R. W. ASHTON 161-4, Dashwood House, New Broad Street, E.C. (No. 6941).
Mr. HARRY P. HAMBLING, Oak Villa, Bracknell, Berks (No. 30404).
Mr. ROBERT WYNN ROBERTS, Llynon, Uxbridge Square, Carnarvon (No. 47256).
Mr. L. S. COGSWELL, 11, Hanover Street, Edgbaston, Birmingham (No. 97147).
Mr. A. W. SPEAR, 21, Chiswick Road, Lower Edmonton (No. 20342).
Mr. A. J. AGAR, 76, Chorlton Road, Stretford Road, Manchester (No. 9163).
Mr. D. O. NICOLSON, 15, Warrendor Park Terrace, Edinburgh (No. 35164).
Mr. B. C. MEDCALF, Rowsley, 107, Aigburth Road, Liverpool (No. 8936).
Mr. H. J. HOBY, 10, Beauchamp Street, Riverside, Cardiff (No. 51).

The following are the fifty numbers for our issue of FEBRUARY 15TH:—

3994; 8065; 9517; 9978; 11516; 12130; 14058; 22530; 24023; 31718; 34382; 35074; 37090; 38261; 45059; 46320; 47033; 47466; 48091; 48368; 48760; 49254; 52505; 57477; 58828; 68649; 71822; 74409; 78943; 80061; 81844; 84626; 86351; 87308; 87562; 88489; 89990; 90646; 90896; 91447; 91471; 92458; 93478; 96616; 96806; 98223; 98337; 102249; 104659; 108905.

INITIAL NOUGHTS SHOULD BE DISREGARDED, BUT FINAL ONES ARE, OF COURSE, RECKONED.

THE FIFTY NUMBERS IN RESPECT OF THIS WEEK WILL BE ANNOUNCED IN OUR ISSUE DATED APRIL 25TH (PUBLISHED APRIL 23RD).

"John Bull's" Biscuits.

For publishing a picture of Mr. Chamberlain wearing a pair of pince-nez, and stating that "the familiar glass was in his eye,"

THE *DAILY MIRROR*
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For advertising, "WANTED,—Respectable honest girl about 15, as errand boy,"

MR. HARRISON (of Hamlet Court Road)
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating that "Sergeant Stevenson has been twelve years in the Dewsbury Squadron Imperial Light Infantry (Yorkshire Dragoons),"

THE *MORLEY OBSERVER*
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For telling a policeman "that he met a small two-seated car driven by a gentleman and going the same way as theywere,"

CHARLES GAZZARD (Chauffeur)
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating that "a percentage of 7 per 1,000 debtors served the whole period of imprisonment,"

LAW NOTES
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating that "the wind was blowing strongly FROM the northWARD,"

THE *LEICESTER DAILY POST*
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For giving, in two consecutive paragraphs, two different accounts of an accident, stating in one that the deceased fell one hundred and fifty feet, and in the other that he fell one hundred and forty yards,

THE *NEWS OF THE WORLD*
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For including the Bakerloo and two other London railways under the heading "traffic returns abroad,"

THE *DAILY MAIL*
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For publishing a picture of a coach with only three horses, the off-side wheeler being completely missing,

THE *DAILY MAIL*
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For announcing that "Sir George Bruce, who is lying dangerously ill in London, is not quite so well to-day,"

THE *BRADFORD DAILY ARGUS*
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For reporting that a farmer "was charged with attempting to commit suicide by cutting his throat," and that the "son of the deceased" gave evidence,

THE *DEVIZES & WILTSHIRE GAZETTE*
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For giving a picture of the Blowing Hole, Porth, Cornwall, and stating that "the spray can frequently be seen and the roar of the breakers heard at Torquay,"

THE *TATLER*
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating that "Mr. Bowman LENT buns for the annual children's party at the Constitutional Club at Weybridge,"

THE *SURREY HERALD*
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For heading an account of alleged ghosts at the French Embassy at Pera with the words, "Spirits at the Porte,"

THE *DAILY MIRROR*
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

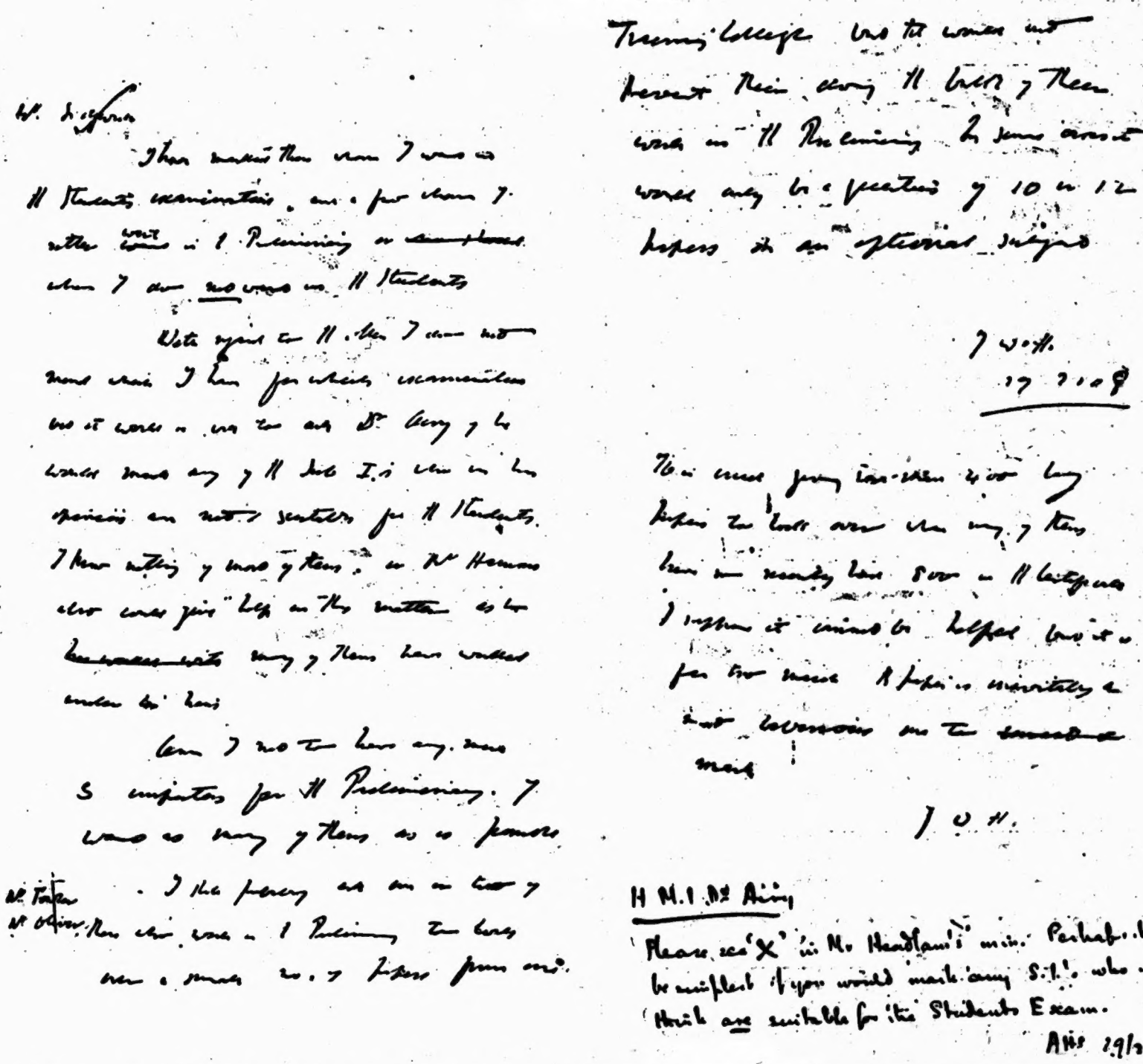
For stating that Mr. Asquith's Licensing Bill has been received with satisfaction "by all concerned for the Public Welfare,"

THE *DAILY NEWS*
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

Civil Service Waste and Incompetence.—IV.

By Horatio Bottomley, M.P.

Facsimile Minute of Mr. Inspector Headlam, one of whose duties is to give candidates' poor marks for bad writing!



Our readers will not be surprised to hear that the Chief Clerk has recently circulated the following Minute:—

The Chief Clerk is bound to remind all officers that a great deal of delay is now due to the very bad handwriting in which Minutes are written, and that it may prove necessary to instruct the Correspondence Section to refer difficult drafts to the Chief Clerk without losing time by trying to decipher them. It is evident that any officer who writes illegibly delays not only his own correspondence but that of his colleagues, in addition to putting an unjustifiable strain upon the clerks and typists of the Correspondence Section.

AMONG THE LAWYERS.

CARTER AND BELL.

We have received a communication from Mr. William Carter, written in his personal capacity, explaining certain facts relating to the circumstances under which the letter referred to in our issue of the 7th inst. was written, and which puts a somewhat different complexion on the matter. In these circumstances we do not propose to refer further to the incident, especially as doing so might involve an unmerited injury to Mr. Malcolm Carter in his professional career at the Bar. It is only right that we should add that we are quite satisfied that he was personally altogether unaware of the letter to which we took exception.

WHAT ARE NECESSITIES?

Under the law of the land, if a minor goes to a tradesman and obtains goods on credit, the tradesman has to show that the goods were "suitable to the condition in life of such infant and to his actual requirements at the time of the sale and delivery." In other words, that they are present necessaries. A plaintiff may bring evidence to prove this, or he may show it from the defendant's evidence, but unless he shows in one way or the other he cannot recover. It is not enough to show that suits of clothes of the quality suitable for the reasonable wants of the infant were sold, it must also be shown that they were actual necessaries to the infant. The burden of proving this is upon the plaintiff. In a case before the Court of Appeal the other day, in which a tailor sued to recover the sum of £145 10s. 3d., being the credit price charged for clothes, the father of the minor gave evidence, which was accepted, that the infant was at the time of giving the order supplied with clothes suitable and necessary to his condition of life, and his position as an undergraduate. Consequently the additional clothes ordered were unnecessary, and the Court of Appeal has confirmed the finding of the Lower Court, which rejected the tailor's claim.

HUMAN DOCUMENTS.—XVIII.

One of our readers sends us the following:—

"Way to St. Mary's Union, please, sir?"

He was a middle-aged man of the burly West Country type, and by his side toddled a small boy, on whose face sorrow and tribulation had all too early stamped their mark. It was but a few nights ago, when the air was chill and the ground damp from an unsettled atmosphere, that I met this miserable couple. I could not give the required information; perhaps my better circumstances never involved the knowledge of that particular locality. The man hesitated before he detained me; no doubt he expected the blunt refusal that had greeted him from hour to hour in his wanderings throughout the day. "'Scuse me talking to yer, sir. I'm a tinsmith, sir, an' they've sent me from Devon to-day. Here I am—a large, able-bodied man, but can't get nothing to do. A shilling an hour I used to get, but now——" His voice faltered, and that strong, fine fellow drooped his head, and his silence spelt audibly enough his most abject misery. "I've been a steady man, and why's all this come on me? Yet it isn't for my own sake I care, but for the young lad there," and he pointed to the stripling by his side.

Certainly that man was tasting the very dregs of life's bitterness. "I've been a steady man"—how many have said the same since Job sat on his dunghill? That is one of life's mysteries that we may look upon, but never understand. In what way I could, I comforted this poor outcast, telling him that the ways of God were inscrutable and that many more—yes, thousands—experienced his same evil plight. "Ah, sir," he rejoined, "none, I'm sure, so evil and wretched as mine." And then came the explanation, which he told me in a whisper: "'Scuse me telling yer, sir; my wife, sir, committed——"; and his sense of honour had forced him from his home. "They say, sir," he continued, "that the third and fourth generation suffer for the parents' wrong. My parents were a bad lot, sir." Again I pleaded that this was often man's plaint—the suffering of the innocent for the evil worked by others, and I thought of the lines of an old classical author—

"If Fate once frown,
No end she knows;
The evil grows,
And, sweeping down,
Involves the unthinking wretch in woe on woe,
And on through all his kin the scourging troubles flow."

"D'you believe in God, sir?" and when I answered in the affirmative—"So do I, sir, Here, take the boy's hand. Now, George, say yer prayers," and in the night's silence unbroken save by the footsteps of some few passers-by, the child lisped the "Our Father. . . . Give us this day our daily bread, and forgive us our trespasses." The child stopped and the father interposed—"As we forgive them that trespass against us," and I thought of the unworthy mother, and the words never before conveyed to me such a depth of meaning. The child, with joined hands, finished his prayer—"God save my father, God save my mother, my brothers, and my sisters." "I was taught to say that, sir, and now I've taught him." I think it was as much spiritual as material help that the poor man needed. His heart was breaking before the extent of misery and desolation that was his through another's sin, yet in the eyes of God was he justified. "I wish I could die to-night," he said, but I explained that life and death belonged to God. I told him to bear up manfully to the end, never to despair, but to keep mindful of an eternity longer than these few poor years. He heard, and he looked comforted, and commending him to God, I left him to go his way—into the night. This poor tinsmith made a profound impression upon me; I fear for his little son. And his wife? "Let him that is without sin cast the first stone at her."

Our correspondent thinks that the publication of this experience "may leave an impression on the minds of our readers." It certainly has left one on ours—a very unpleasant impression indeed. "And commending him to God, I left him to go his way—into the night." Of course it is not for us to say, but somehow or other we rather think that Christ would have taken the poor chap and the little kid home to supper. It was our correspondent who suggested that we should call his story a Human Document. So we have done so—but we are a little doubtful about the adjective.

THE FOUR MASTERS.

Shakespeare, Dickens, Scott, Thackeray.

103 VOLUMES DELIVERED FOR 2/6.

The Caxton Publishing Company begs to draw attention to its four beautiful and serviceable editions of these great writers. They may all be had on the Company's popular plan of easy payments; that is to say, any one edition is delivered for a first payment of 2s. 6d., or the four editions (103 volumes in all) will be delivered complete for a first payment of 2s. 6d., the balance being paid by small monthly instalments.

The Windsor Shakespeare.

The Windsor Edition in 20 volumes includes, by special arrangement, the Notes and Introductions to each play contained in the famous Harvard Edition. It is edited by Dr. Hudson, who deals with all difficulties as to text, etc., in a scholarly manner; a fine Life of Shakespeare is included. The Illustrations include 27 beautiful Coloured Plates; 13 magnificent Rembrandt Portraits of the greatest Shakespearian Actors and Actresses; and 80 exquisitely produced Plates of the most famous Shakespearian Pictures.

The Melrose Waverley.

The Melrose Edition of Scott, in 27 volumes, includes the famous "Life of Scott," by Lockhart; Sir Walter's own Notes, as in the original edition; and a Glossary of Scots words. The Illustrations include the unrivalled Series of Paintings engraved under the auspices of the Royal Association for the Promotion of the Fine Arts in Scotland; Coloured Frontispieces specially painted for the Melrose Waverley; Reproductions of Pictures inspired by the Waverley Novels, by great artists; and the famous Cruikshank Plates.

The London Dickens.

The London Edition of Dickens' Novels, in 30 volumes, includes the "Life of Dickens," by F. G. Kitton, specially written for this edition; it has some valuable Portraits of Dickens and his friends. Each novel has a short Illustrated Introduction, and the more famous of the characters are traced back to their original prototypes. The illustrations include 104 exquisitely Coloured Plates and over 200 plain ones; the famous Original Drawings by Cruikshank, Leech, "Phiz," Seymour, and Cattermole are also here.

The London Thackeray.

The London Edition of Thackeray, in 26 volumes, is uniform in size and appearance with the London Dickens. It includes the only authoritative "Life of Thackeray" ever published, by Lewis Melville. Each novel has a valuable introduction. A feature of pre-eminent interest is the inclusion of Thackeray's own Drawings, many of which are, for the first time, reproduced in colour. A fine series of Illustrations from Original Drawings by Richard Doyle, George Cryikshank, John Leech, and others, Photographs of the Author, etc.

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CLUN HOUSE, SURREY STREET, LONDON, W.C.

Please send me, free of charge, and without any obligation on my part—

(1) A copy of "The Four Masters," by John o' London.

(2) Particulars of your plan by which any of these editions will be delivered complete for a first payment of 2s. 6d., the balance being paid by small monthly payments.

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J. 213.

Address .....

OUR GENERALS.

1.—SIR JOHN FRENCH.

When John Denton Pinkstone French entered the Navy as a cadet forty-two years ago he could scarcely have imagined that he was one day to become, in fact if not in name, Commander-in-Chief of the British Army. He served for six years in the senior Service and then transferred his affections to the Army, entering the 8th Royal Irish Hussars. Quickly, however, he left this regiment to join the 19th Hussars, which he accompanied on active service to India, and later rose to command.

NOT AN IRISHMAN.

There are almost as many fallacies and fables grown up round "Jack" French, as the Army calls him, and his career as around Kitchener himself. Perhaps the most persistent of these is the one that makes him out to be an Irishman. Erin is very partial to claiming British Generals as her sons, but she must be content to leave us French, since official records show that he was born in the pretty little Kentish village of Ripple, and he is very proud of his connection with the county of hops and apples. He is, by the way, the son of a naval officer.

A LUCKY OFFICER.

French to-day draws a handsome salary from the nation as Inspector-General to the Forces, and doubtless does his best to deserve it. The fact remains, however, that he owes a great deal of his present exalted position to a run of luck such as falls to the lot of very few of us. Just prior to the outbreak of the South African war French was in command of the Second Cavalry Brigade, then stationed on Salisbury Plain, and which existed, after the fashion of the British Army, to a considerable extent on paper. The command of the First Cavalry Brigade at Aldershot—really a tangible brigade this—happened to fall vacant, and French was hastily summoned to take temporary charge of this while the authorities deliberated as to who should be given the command. These deliberations were suddenly broken off by the outbreak of the war and the hurried despatch of French to take command of the cavalry in Natal, where he won at Elandslaagte the first victory of the campaign. That was piece of luck number one.

When Sir George White's force found itself shut up in Ladysmith, and it became obvious that a cavalry leader would be completely wasted there, French was hastily summoned to Cape Town, and managed to escape from the beleaguered town by the very last train that got through before the siege began in earnest. His train was vigorously shelled by the Boers as they rushed their guns up the surrounding hills, but it got away and French reached Cape Town, where he found the cavalry division landing from England, and was quickly installed in command. Thus he had under him the very finest and most mobile troops in the country, and while other commanders were cursing the War Office and its idiotic "unmounted men preferred," French was able to play the Boers at their own game and incidentally reap much kudos for himself. This was piece of luck number two.

His next piece of luck was, of course, to get command at Aldershot. In the ordinary course of events, this should have gone to Kitchener, but India was becoming vacant, and the military authorities would much rather that Kitchener was in Calcutta than, as it were, on their very doorsteps; so French was given Aldershot. The rest has all been plain sailing. He has had his opportunities, and no one can say that he has not made the most of them. To-day, hidden away in a pigeon-hole at the War Office, are the plans for the mobilisation of the Army should war on a large scale break out, and the name that stands at the head of this as General Officer Commanding in Chief is that of General Sir John French.

PERSONAL CHARACTERISTICS.

In appearance French is far removed from the ideal cavalry man drawn by Ouida and others. In figure he is short and squat, and he has by no means an easy seat in the saddle. His eyes are blue and rather expressionless, and his masterful jaw is hidden under his long, drooping moustache. There is nothing he likes better than getting into his uniform, and certainly he looks better in it than he does in mufti. He lays down the law with a sublime self-confidence and a general air of having forgotten more about the subject than it is possible for any other man ever to learn.

AS A SOLDIER.

His abilities as a soldier have been the theme of countless discussions in the Service Clubs of recent years, and great divergence of opinion prevails. Certainly he is not a Roberts, and equally certain is it that he is not even a Kitchener. There are those who hold that he is a cavalryman pure and simple, and that in action he is too apt to overlook the value of his artillery and infantry. Emphasis, too, is often laid on the fact that at the annual manœuvres on Salisbury Plain in pre-war days he made an awful mess in handling his brigade of cavalry, and got a severe castigation at the hands of Lord Wolseley, while his general strategy was aptly but severely described as being "more showy than useful." Much the same might be said with equal truth about some of his tactics to-day.

For all that, however, French has proved during the past few years that as a trainer of troops he has but few equals in the Army at the present time. The troops at Aldershot have never been so thoroughly well trained or so generally efficient as they were when they were under French. It is one thing, however, to be able to train troops in time of peace and quite another to lead them in action, and usually the man who shines best at the one thing fails in the other. So that it comes about that there are those who shake their heads at the thought of French taking the supreme command in a great war.

NOT A SOCIAL LION.

Socially, French is not a success, and this much he is the first to admit. Government House at Aldershot has never been so dull as it was during French's tenure of command there. He gave but few entertainments and went out to less. As one of his principal lieutenants once put it, "It is harder to drag old French out to dinner than it is to knock sense into an army mule." This fact is now being discovered by more than one London hostess. French would rather spend such spare time as he can get over a pipe and book quietly in his own "den" than hang about West End drawing-rooms talking nonsense. This, of course, has a great deal to do with his comparative unpopularity among both military and civilians.

A BLUNT CRITIC.

It is open to some amount of doubt if French is a good "office" man. It may be that his recent advent to the War Office will reveal latent qualities hitherto unsuspected, but the fact remains that he has had very little experience of this class of work. His new duties as Inspector-General will take him year by year to every military station in the United Kingdom, and this will be work that will strongly appeal to him. If there is one thing more than another in which French delights it is inspecting and criticising troops. And he has the saving grace of never leaving anyone in the slightest doubt as to his precise meaning.

NO SENSE OF HUMOUR.

French has gained the reputation of never being able to see a joke, and to a great extent it has to be admitted that this is by no means undeserved. At mess, for instance, he will often sit grave and unmoved while the rest of those present are convulsed with laughter. At such times he is apt to wear something of a pitying expression. This mannerism is, however, by no means an affectation. His mind works somewhat slowly when away from his work, and the lighter side of life has very little attraction for him.

AN AUTOCRAT.

As has been hinted, his manner towards subordinates is by no means conciliatory. He jerks out his orders, and expects them to be carried out to the letter. If they are not, then the culprit may rest assured that there is trouble in store for him. He has his own opinion of the way in which many matters are carried out by the War Office, and is at no pains to conceal it. His letter of protest against the holding of a public enquiry into the case of Lieutenant H. Woods, of the Grenadiers, instead of allowing him to hold it privately at Aldershot, was quite a model of terse, vigorous composition.

A CUP OF BEEF TEA FOR A 1d.

WITH DOUBLE THE USUAL NOURISHMENT.

A short time back, in an English Court of Justice, some of the most eminent Analytical Chemists in England made sworn statements that a cup of Beef Tea made from a 1d. tablet of Ju-Vis contained double the nutriment contained in a cup of Beef Tea made of best known makes of Extract of Meat, according to the directions given. Such exceptional uality at so low a price will undoubtedly appeal to everybody. Ju-Vis is guarantteed to be made solely from Extract of Beef and Gelatine, with valuable vegetable properties added, the vegetable much improving the flavour.

If you are not already using Ju-Vis, you should certainly send to your Grocer for some 1d. tablets without delay. They are such a boon for Soups, Gravies, Joints, Hashes and Stews, and once you have tried Ju-Vis you will certainly never be without it again.—[ADVT.]

VITALOIDS SECOND LIMERICK.

£400 CASH AWARDS.

First Prize, £100; Second Prize, £50;

And Ten Prizes of £25 each.

These prizes are offered by the Proprietors of Vitaloids, the world-famed Nerve Tonic for the best line sent in to complete the Limerick printed below.

In a comparatively short period we have spent £30,000 in advertising Vitaloids in the Press. In other words, we have MADE A PRESENT of £30,000 to the newspapers in return for a certain amount of publicity. Our present scheme is devised with a view of securing still further publicity by sharing out a portion of our Advertising Fund to the public direct. No extravagant claims are made as to the medicinal value of this remedy. Vitaloids are not a "cure all," but their restorative powers are so certain, their superiority over Strychnine, Phosphorus, and other similar tonics so quickly demonstrable that we guarantee satisfaction to all who will give them a trial.

THE COMPETITION will close on **March 31**, and the result will appear in "Lloyd's" on April 12 Don't delay. Send in your solution at once.

ENTRY COUPON. Cut out and fill up carefully. ***No. 6.***

Address Envelope—Leeds Laboratory Co., Concord Street, Leeds.

Gentlemen,—Please send post free one box of Dr. Alden's Vitaloids for which I enclose P.O. for 1/1½ or 2/9 (strike out that which you do not require).

I agree to accept the Committee's decision as final, and enter the competition on that distinct understanding.

(Please write clearly.) Full Name .....

Postal Address .....

Town .....

All Orders will be executed in rotation.

Here is the unfinished Limerick to which the last line should be added:

The wife of a Captain of Bow
Grew nervous and fretful and low,
But a message from Lloyd's,
Said—"Try Vitaloids"—
.....

CONDITIONS.

1. Fill in the last line of the Limerick and send to us with your order for one 1/1½ box of VITALOIDS, enclosing postal order and stamps, payable to Leeds Laboratory Co.

2. Any number of lines may be sent in on separate sheets of paper, but a further order must accompany each attempt. (An order for a 2/9 box of Vitaloids will entitle you to send in Three solutions.)

3. Every solution sent in will be carefully classified and judged entirely on its own merits by an expert literary staff, and the final selections made by the Editor of the "People's Journal."

4. No member of the firm or employee is eligible to compete.

5. All the prizes will be dispatched within one week of the result being made public.

Everybody Needs a Nerve Tonic

at this period of the year to brace them up after the long and dreary winter.

VITALOIDS are PURELY VEGETABLE and NON-INJURIOUS, containing the life-giving properties of a wonderful tropical plant which acts directly on the Nerve Centres, charging them with new energy and vigour; building up your strength; bracing up every organ of the body.

The first dose or two of VITALOIDS will make you feel better and brighter. You will be able to get about easier and do your work with less fatigue. You will sleep better at nights and wake up in the morning feeling refreshed and ready for a good day's work.

Influenza is a disease which attacks and breaks down the system, shattering the Nerves and leaving the victim a complete wreck. After Influenza take VITALOIDS. You will be astonished at the change they will make in your condition. They build up the Nerve Force, producing healthy organs, the symptoms and effects disappear, and the system is fortified against further disease.

The reputation achieved by this Nerve Remedy during the space of five years is almost phenomenal, and may be strikingly illustrated by the fact that our December Orders from one firm of Chemists alone, viz., Boots' Pure Drug Co., Ltd., of Nottingham, amounted to 24,552 Boxes.

VITALOIDS will permanently cure Nervousness, Dyspepsia, Lassitude, Sleeplessness, Palpitation, Debility, Lack of Energy, Nervous Tremblings, Low Spirits, Noises in the Head, Specks before the Eyes, and all other symptoms of Neurasthenia or Nervous Weakness in Men or Women. **Booklet and Testimonials Free.**

The Leeds Laboratory Co., Concord St., Leeds.

RESULT OF FIRST LIMERICK COMPETITION:

1st PRIZE £250 CASH:—JOHN CODLING, Overstrand, Cromer: "Mighty Atoms! their worth I attest."
2nd PRIZE £100 CASH:—Mr. G. CHAPMAN, 200, Manor Place, Walworth, London: "They are health, strength, and nerve force compressed."
3rd PRIZE £50 CASH:—Miss ALICE MARY COOPER, Heath Close, Uttoxeter, Staffs: "Neurasthenia to me is a jest."

THE PARSON AND THE "PUB."

LIST OF CLERICAL SHAREHOLDERS.—II.

Below we give our second instalment of clerical shareholders in Brewery and allied companies. We wish it to be understood that we do not intend to cast any reflection upon the reverend gentlemen whose names we publish. On the contrary, we desire our readers to infer from the character of the lists that the Licensing trade, properly conducted, has come to be regarded as a legitimate medium of investment by those to whom the people look for guidance :—

Guinness (Arthur), Son and Co., Ltd.	£ Stock.
Ardagh, Rev. Arthur, The Rectory, Finglas, Co. Dublin	50
Bannon, Rev. J., Presbytery, Upper Gardiner St., Dublin; Conmee, Rev. J., Presbytery, Upper Gardiner St., Dublin; Tottrell, Rev. J., Presbytery, Upper Gardiner St., Dublin	80
Barron, Rev. Michael, St. John's Church, Waterford	60
Barlow, Rev. Jas. Wm., The Cottage, Raheny, Co. Dublin	300
Bayliss, Rev. F. C., c.o. Nat. Prov. Bk. of Eng., Manchester	500
Beardwood, Rev. Joseph C., Mount St. Joseph, Roscrea	50
Benson, Rev. Chas. Maunsell, Lucan, Co. Dublin	40
Berry, Rev. P. E., St. Elwyn's Vicarage, Hayle, Cornwall	150
Biggs, Rev. George W., 140, Pembroke Rd., Dublin	100
Blakeney, Rev. R., Mowbray Lodge, Melton Mowbray	115
Bolger, Rev. Michael, Portarlington	30
Bradshaw, Rev. Robert, Killinane Rectory, Loughrea	80
Browne, Rev. William, Dunhill, Co. Waterford	50
Brunskill, Rev. North R., Kenure Vic., Rush, Co. Dublin	150
Burke, Rev. Edmund, Gurtmahoe, Kilcooley, Thurles; Hourigan, Rev. Michael, Knockaney, Bruff, Co. Limerick	100
Burroughs, Rev. W. E., Christchurch Vicarage, Chislehurst	80
Byrne, Very Rev. Canon P. J., Carlton Rd., Weymouth	20
Camac, Rev. John., Knowhead, Muff, Co. Donegal; Caskey, Rev. J. D., The Manse, Magheramason, Lon'derry	50
Cambie, Rev. Solomon R., Spondon Vicarage, Derby	50
Carolin, B.D., Rev. J. S., 56, Tritonville Rd, Sandymount	250
Casey, Rev. John, Cappoquin, Co. Waterford	610
Cassin, Rev. Wm., The Presbytery, James St., Kilkenny	100
Chaplin, Rev. Saml. R. J., Infirmary House, Kildare	150
Chapman, Rev. Thos. S., Kilrush Glebe, Ferns, Wexford	93
Clarke, LL.D., Rev. Francis Edwd., The Rectory, Boyle	50
Clarke, Rev. Patrick, Ravensdale, Dundalk	160
Cleary, Very Rev Patrick J., Merchant's Quay, Dublin; Hill, Very Rev. Richard A., Merchant's Quay, Dublin; Jackman, Very Rev., Jno. A., Merchant's Quay, Dublin	160
Colahan, Rev. James F., St. Mary's, Booterstown, Dublin; Gossan, Rev. Perse, Blackrock, Co. Dublin	220
Colahan, Rev. Jas. F., St. John's, Blackrock, Co. Dublin	110
Cole, Rev. Jno. F., Rectory, Portarlington, Queen's Co.	200
Condren, Rev. Michael J., Presbytery, High St., Dublin	250
Connor, Rev. Muirhead M., Vicarage, West Bromwich	340
Corbett, Rev. James, Partry, Ballinrobe, Co. Mayo; Stephens, Rev. James, Crossboyne, Claremorris, Co. Mayo	30
Coulter, Rev. G. W. S., 9, Upp. Garville Ave., Rathgar	150
Courtenay, Rev. G. F., Earlesmore Glebe, Co. Roscommon	90
Cudditry, Verv Rev. Charles, Enniskerry, Co. Wicklow	60
Cunningham, Rev. Michael, Leap, Co. Cork	20
Curran, Rev. Wm., Corpus Christie House, Brixton Hill	1420
Daly, Rev. Archdeacon H. V., Deanery, Gort, Co. Galway	315
Daly, Rev. Patrick, Presentation Convent, Mullingar	130
Dillon, Rev. R. T., Carmelite Convent, Dublin	80
Dowd, Rev. James, St. Mary's, Limerick	200
Dowman, Rev. Charles, Fletton Rectory, Peterborough	70
Dowse, Rev. John C., Uplands, Monkstown, Co. Dublin	200
Duncan, Rev. A. Campbell, St. Andrews, Uxbridge	180
Dunphy, P.P., Rev. Edmund, Stradbally, Co. Waterford	50
Eaton, Very Rev. R. J., St. Patrick's, Monkstown, Dublin	40
Eves, Rev. Graves Saml., 18, Burlington Rd., Dublin	20
Farrer, Rev. Hy. R. W., The Rectory, Bridport, Dorset	1080
Finegan, Rev. Peter, Drogheda	180
Finlay, Verv Rev. John (Dean of Leighlin), Carlow	40
FitzGerald, Rev. J. G., Presbytery, Manister, Croom, Limk.	60
Fleury, Rev. Louis, The Glebe, Kilworth, Cork	90
Fogarty, Rev. Michael, The College, Maynooth, Kildare	450
Fricker, Very Rev. Canon, M.A., Nat. Mat. Hosp., Dublin	350
Galvin, Rev. Patrick, 48, Westland Row, Dublin	70
Garrett Rev. G., Rectory, Kilmeague, Naas, Co. Kildare; Garrett, Rev. George Hy., Widnes, Lancs	110
Geraghty, Rev. John, Lahardane, Ballina, Co. Mayo	120
Gibbon, Rev. Henry H., 3, Wellington Sq., Oxford	450
Glynn, Rev. Patrick J., St. Augustine's, Limerick	180
Godfrey, Rev. Wm. H., The Rectory, Castlelyons, Co. Cork	110
Goodwin, Rev. John J., St. Mels College, Longford	50
Gorman, Rev. M., All Hallow's Col., Drumcondra, Dublin	70
Grimley, Rev. John Joseph, Ballybrack, Co. Dublin	20
Hackett, D.D., Rev. T. A. P., Rectory, Kilmallock, Lim'k	314
Haydn, Rev. Canon J. A., Nantenan Glebe, Co. Limerick	30
Hayes, Rev. Peter Paul, St. Andrews, High St., Dublin	100
Healy, Rev. John, The Presbytery, James St., Dublin	20
Howley, Very Rev. Martin, Callan, Co. Kilkenny	50
Irwin, Rev. Edward, Elphin, Co. Roscommon	170
James, Rev. Jno. T., Graiguenamanagh, Co. Kilkenny	40
Jebb, Rev. H. H., Pottesgrove Rec., Woburn, Beds	70
Jordan, D.D., Rev. T., Rectory, Magherafelt, Lon'derry	180
Joynt, Rev. Henry R., Marksbury Rectory, Bristol	50
Keaveney, Rev. Patrick, Curraroe, Co. Galway	50
Kelly, Rev. Bernard, Ballyshanon, Co. Donegal	110
Kelly, Rev. John, Dalkey, Co. Dublin	110
Kenny, Rev. T., S. Francis Xavier, Upp. Gardiner St., Dub.; Browne, Rev. E., S. Francis Xavier, Upp. Gardiner St.; Murphy, Rev. J., S. Francis Xavier, Upp. Gardiner St.	150
Kirkby, Rev. Edward E. W., The Vicarage, Ware	50
Ledoux, Rev. L. P. T., St. Peter's Rectory, Drogheda	40
Long, M.A., Rev. Thomas, 2, Palace Street, Dublin	—
Beahan, Rev. James, 2, Palace St., Dublin	— 100
Lube, Rev. H. J., Presbytery, Haddington Rd., Dublin	60
Macdonald, Rev. J. M., Sherfield Rectory, Romsey, Hants.	20
MacHugh, Rev. Michael, Carna, Co. Galway	250
Mackle, Rev. Michael, Meigh, Newry, Co. Armagh	140
Macnamara, Rev. F. A., The Rectory, Clara, King's Co	80
Maher, Rev. Thomas, The Crescent, Limerick; Weafer, Rev. Michael, The Crescent, Limerick	80
Manning, Rev. Thos. W., Kilmacow Glebe, Waterford	30
Martin, Rev. Terence, Edgeworthstown, Co. Longford	50
Massy, Rev. R. D. S., The Priory, Kells, Co. Kilkenny	120
McAndrew, Rev. Bartholomew, Letterpack, Co. Galway	100
McDermott, Rev. J., The Presbytery, Tuam, Co. Galway	80
McDonagh, Rev. Patrick, Boyle, Co. Roscommon	280
McDonald, Rev. Michael, Westport, Co. Mayo	120
McGamis, Most Rev. Bishop E., Cullies, Cavan; Teevan, Rev. Francis, Cavan; O'Connell, Rev. Patrick, Castleraghan; Flood, Rev. James, Cavan	100
McNamara, Rev. Patrick, Greenhill, Kilpeacon, Limerick	50
McNamara, Very Rev. Charles, Bruff, Co. Limerick	50
Matthews, Rev. Jno. Henry, Hedgerley Rectory, Bucks.	700
Mooney, Rev. Joseph G., Ringsend, Co. Dublin	60
Monahan, Dr. D., Very Rev. J., Carrickedmond, Co. Long.	110
Morrison, Rev. Wm. H., The Rectory, Kilcullen, Kildare	90
Mulcahy, P.P., Rev. John, Timoleague, Bandon, Co. Cork	30
Murphy, Rev. Edward, The Rower, Mistioge, Kilkenny	40
Murphy, Rev. Patrick, Tipperary	100
Nash, B.A., Rev. L. C., Ballinhassig, Co. Cork	80
Newbury, Rev. Jas, Thornton, Killinick, Co. Wexford	300
Nicholls, Rev. Arthur Bell, Bonagher, King's Co.	250
Norton, Rev. J., Presbytery, Upp. Gardiner St., Dublin	80
O'Brien, Rev. L. H., The Rectory, Adare, Co. Limerick	100
O'Callaghan, Rev. M., St. Vincent's Church, Cork	200
O'Dwyer, Rev. T., Sologhead, Limerick Junc., Tipperary	180
O'Farrell, Very Rev. J., St. Brigids, Edgeworthstown	50
O'Keeffe, Rev. Joseph, 83, Marlborough St., Dublin	330
O'Leary, Very Rev. John, Clonakilty, Co. Cork	40
O'Loughlin, C.C., Rev. Bernard, Aghadowey, Londonderry	80
O'Meara, Rev. J., St. Oswald's, Ashton-in-Makerfield, Lan.	40
O'Reilly, Rev. Bernard, James's St., Dublin	100
O'Sullivan, C.C., Rev. Michael, Fethard, Co. Tipperary	50
O'Toole, Rev. Jeremiah, Kilmeena, Westport	100
Oliver, Rev. Richard J. D., Rockmills, Co. Cork	120
Pearse, Rev. Beauchamp K., Ascot, Berks	210
Prendergast, Rev. Richard, Hollymount, Co. Mayo	80
Pring, Rev. Richard H., 7, Capland Rd., S. Hackney, N.E.	120
Purdon, Rev. Geo. R., Portnashangan Rec., Mullingar	30
Rice, Rev. Jas. Henry, Rectory, Kentstown, Navan	400
Richards, D.D., Rev. Lewis, Dungannon Rec., Co. Tyrone	100
Rennison, Rev. G., Kilnamanagh Rec., Oulart. Wexford	150
Robinson, Rev. G. J., St. Vincent's, Sunday's Well, Cork	130
Rogers, Rev. R. C., Dowdeswell Rec., Andoversford, Glos.	60
Ross, Rev. Robert Wm., The Manse, Buil, Co. Donegal	60
Russell, M.A., Rev. Wm. Guthrie, Geaskill Rec., King's Co.	60
Ryan, C.C., Rev. James, Curna Recess, Co. Galway	50
Ryan, P.P., Rev. Philip, Mullinashone	30
Ryan, C.C., Rev. Patrick, 59, Eccles St., Dublin	160
Shea, Rev. W. F. L., The Rectory, Rathcoole, Co. Dublin	30
Sheehy, Rev. William, St. John's College, Waterford	300
Sheridan, Very Rev. Canon P. C., Carrigou, Wexford	220
Sheriffs, Rev. F. M. P., Caythorpe Rectory, Grantham	30
Smith, Rev. Francis, Stratford-on-Avon, Warwickshire	350
Smith, Rev. Wm. M., 21, Florence Rd., Brighton	50
Smith, Rev. W., Faughanvale Rec., Eglinton, Londonderry	60
Smyth, Rev. J. B., Gortendarragh, Pomeroy, Tyrone	60
Smyth, Rev. Patrick J., Rahan, Tullamore	20
Stanistreet, Rev. A. H., The Rectory, Killaloe	200
Tabuteau, Rev. Augustus, 13, St. Mary's Rd., Dublin	50
Tarleton, Rev. Jno. T., Chelton Rectory, Bridgnorth	350
Taylor, Rev. Canon William, The Rectory, Castlebar	90
Vaughan, Rev. Geo. H., 43, Wellington Place, Dublin	50
Verschoyle, Rev. Jno. Stuart, 37, Fitzroy Square, W.	33
Walsh, Rev. Edward, Clare, Co. Kilkenny	130
Walsh, Rev. John P., Newcastle, Clonmel	100
Walsh, Rev. Nicholas, SS. Peter and Paul, Clonmel	100
Walshe, Rev. Patrick F., Ardmore, Youghal, Ireland	140
West, Rev., Hy. M., Salcombe Rectory, Ware, Herts	140
Williams, Rev. David L., Llanwnda Vicarage, Carnarvon	100
Williams, D.D., Rev. Geo. C., Hastings, Blackrock, Dublin	500
Winder, Rev. T. E., Fiddown Rec., Piltown, Co. Kilkenny	60
Woods, Rev. Edward, St. Ann's, Blackburn, Lancs	40

AMONG THE BOOKS.

By HERBERT VIVIAN.

"LOVE AND THE IRONMONGER." By F. J. Randall. (London: Lane. Price 5s.)

This story falls off somewhat towards the end, but is decidedly amusing at the outset. George Early, a mischievous clerk, overhears his master informing three members of the staff that they will have legacies from him of £500 a year for life on certain conditions. One of them, who is mean, will forfeit his legacy if he refuses anybody a loan; another, who is a drunkard, if he takes any alcoholic refreshments; and the third, who is a liar, if he ever tells an untruth. So soon as the master dies, George proceeds to borrow and blackmail, all in the most comical manner. But a day of retribution arrives. The three men lose their legacies, which revert to George, who has meanwhile married his late employer's daughter. Worst of all, the legacies carry with them the same burthensome conditions. Unfortunately the author's imagination now begins to fail, and all semblance of probability is thrown to the winds.

"THE RED YEAR." By Louis Tracy. (London: White. 1908. Price 6s.)

This is not so much a historical novel as a novel history. It is a snapshot of the Indian Mutiny with a very ordinary love story woven into the background. As a mere snapshot, the book is not without merits, though the turgid style is sometimes exasperating. Mr. Tracy would do well to learn that an historian can only weaken his case by giving way to adjectival inebriation. He is always telling us, almost with an oath, what marvellously fine fellows the British officers were. But surely a mere recital of their exploits would have been amply sufficient to prove a case which no one has traversed. There is no good object in applying a pennyworth of gold paint to a sovereign or even to a slice of ginger bread. But perhaps the author is at his very worst when he tries to heighten his effects by mawkish allusions to little children.

> Even the children, wide-eyed innocents, could not fail to be thankful that the noise of the guns had ceased.

What the width of their eyes had to do with the disturbing effect of guns upon their ears is as much a mystery to me as the connection between their innocence and gratitude. Indeed, Mr. Tracy simply revels in the supererogatory. For instance, he tells us that some of the native soldiers "have left records of sights and sounds too horrible to translate from their Eastern tongue." I can scarcely imagine that an intelligent writer would have gone out of his way to inform us that the natives of India speak a language which is Eastern when compared with our own.

Here, too, is a strange puzzle:—

> A disastrous rout followed. Colonel Case of the 32nd, trying vainly with his men to stop the native runaways, was shot dead. For three miles the enemy's horse artillery pelted the hapless troops with grape, and the massacre of every man in the small column was only prevented by the bravery of a tiny squadron of volunteer cavalry, which held a bridge until the harassed infantry were able to cross.

We know, of course, how bridges were kept "in the brave days of old," but it is difficult to see how these defenders contrived to let their friends through. And here is a piece of arithmetic almost worthy of Birmingham. Some people are making their escape, and,

> when the evening mists melted and the stars gave a faint light, they resumed the march, for every mile gained now was worth five at dawn, if perchance their hunters thought of making a circular sweep of the country in the neighbourhood of Rai Bareilly.

I should like to know out of curiosity what Mr. Tracy imagines is the ratio between the diameter and the circumference of a circle.

However, I do not wish to quarrel with his book, for I have no doubt he means very well. At a time when some foolish persons are seeking to stir up sedition in India, it is well to remember the barbarous way in which the mutineers treated natives. Mr. Tracy says that "for one English life sacrificed during the country's red year there were five hundred natives killed by the very men who professed to defend their interests." He gives no authority for his figures, but the fact remains that British rule affords the Indians advantages which would be incompatible with their independence, not the least being protection against themselves.

CAN YOU DO WITH A GUINEA?
SEE PAGE 269.

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BOVRIL REPELS INFLUENZA

OPEN LETTERS AND POST-CARDS.

To King Edward the Only, Biarritz.

Dear King,—How are you enjoying yourself at Biarritz? Make the most of your spring holiday. Nobody grudges it to you, for you work hard while you are at it, and work well. And there is a busy time before you. Love from all at home.

John Bull.

To the Right Hon. H. H. Asquith, Chancellor of the Exchequer.

Dear Haitch Haitch,—I note with pleasure that you have left no doubt in the minds of anyone as to what the naval programme of the Government is, and what it will be in case. It was really the best way to smash, once and for all, the jingoes and the panic-mongers. You have drawn the steam from their boilers and raked the coal out of their fires. Your statement is, at least, explicit and candid. I congratulate you upon it with all my heart.

"If," in your own words, "we find next year that there is a reasonable probability of the German naval programme being carried out in the way that the paper figures suggest, we should regard it as our duty to provide not only for a sufficient number of ships, but for such a date for the laying down of such ships that at the end of 1911, the superiority of Germany would not be an actual fact." That is at once cool and cautious, bold and balanced, solid and sufficient. It is the word of a British statesman spoken in a British way. But it is "next year"—and much may happen before then.

Our working standard, as you now say—and it would have been far better to have said it before—is the two-Power standard. This we shall maintain, not by comparing facts with nebulosities, but by comparing realities with realities. Personally, as you know, I am in favour of a three-Power standard. I am a Democratic Imperialist. I regard that view, not as the policy of the war-maker, but as the prudence of the statesman. However, I do not expect to hear much more from the alarmists now. Any noise they make will be as the crackling of thorns under a pot.

Now just a word about that Licensing Bill. Don't you think you had better drop it? You must know by this time that it was a blunder. If, however, you still entertain the least doubt upon the matter, just read the Licensing Statistics for 1907, which were issued as a Blue Book a few days ago. They knock the whole ground from under your Bill. Be a sensible man and drop it—and drop it before the Peckham poll.

John Bull.

To Hilaire Belloc, Esq., M.P., House of Commons.

My dear Belloc,—You told us the other day in the course of a debate that you drank two pints of ale every night for supper, but apparently there are constituents of yours who do not believe you. At any rate, I note they are telling a story about your meeting among them at Salford the other night. It seems that one of the crowd tried to heckle you, but could not get in a word edgewise for the din. When he came out he was loud in his complaints. "I don't believe that fellow drinks a quart of beer a day at all," he growled; "if he did he'd talk more sense." Pray remove this scepticism. When next you address your constituents, take the quart with you, and down with it. Seeing is believing.

John Bull.

To Richard Bell, Esq., M.P.

My dear Dick,—That Bill of yours compelling employers to give a "reference" on request to all persons leaving their employment from whatever cause, strikes me as being well worthy of the Statute Book. It is also worthy of your own common sense. It is but just that every employed person should be entitled to have in black and white what he gets the sack for. Though you suspect him of mixing your goods with his own, he is entitled to the declaration that you had to part with him on account of a reduction in the staff.

Somebody once instanced to me the case of a girl who applied for a situation in the kitchen, and was asked for her character. "Oh, mum," she said, "ah'd no idee tha'd want un; ah'm sa well known all ower." "Well, do you think you can get one if I give you half an hour?" demanded the mistress. "I dunno, mum," was the response, "but ah'll ev a try for it." Half an hour afterwards the girl returned. "So you've got your character?" remarked the mistress benignly. "No, mum," the girl replied sharply, "but I've gotten thine, an' I ain't a-comin'." Please don't tell this story to the House in introducing your Bill, however; it is an old one.

There is no question that many employers of labour acting for themselves or by subordinates are not above petty spite and malice towards former employés. Even with your Bill you cannot prevent such people damning with faint praise. If you could add to it a clause that no character or reference should be written by employers without previous medical examination as to the state of their livers at the time, you would probably stimulate human charity. Count on my support, anyhow.

John Bull.

To F. D. Acland, Esq., M.P., House of Commons.

Dear Acland,—I hear that you were driven from your house by a plague of cats which destroyed your flowers and disturbed your slumbers. And now, in your present abode, though you are free of cats in the garden below, you hear noises in the nursery above. However, you don't mind those noises, it seems. You abhor the shriek of cats, but you love the cry of babes. I acknowledge that there is a difference, though it is sometimes difficult to detect.

I once heard of a man who supported a wife and a large family by tying a cat to the clothes line every night, and going out in the morning to collect the things thrown at it by the neighbours. On the whole, I am inclined to agree with you that it is better to maintain a nursery than a cattery. If you keep only one cat to catch your mice, other cats come every evening to catch your cat, and then there's trouble. The tribe is one for which I have no personal affection, though I believe some specimens are priced very high. At the Crystal Palace Show I have seen a cat marked at 500 guineas, but if my dog had got hold of it the pretty creature would not have been worth half as much. By the way, why not a cat tax? At seven-and-six per cat the revenue might not be increased, but the cats would certainly be fewer. I must think it over.

John Bull.

To W. Robertson, Esq., Edinburgh.

Dear Bill,—Where in the world did you spring from? I see from your circular issued to all the Baronets and Knights created during the last three or four years, some 200 in all, that as Factor and Commissioner of the Walker Trustees, you demand from each Knight £3 6s. 8d., and from each Baronet £5, "being the Fees of Honours pertaining therein, as the same are specified in the various charters of the said Office, and relative statutes ratifying the same." Odsfish, and odsbobs, my dear Bill! Dost think said Knights and Baronets pigeons for thy plucking?

Failing the receipt of the cash, it is understood that you are about to sue on your rights, which are alleged to be derived by purchase from the Heritable Usher of Scotland, who is now elsewhere—in Paradise, Purgatory, or other holiday resort unknown to the postman. 'Tis a pawky humour withal, and I crave leave to laugh a great laugh. As for the Knights and the Baronets, I note they have put up my burly friend Sir William Bull to be shot at, and now that the case is *sub-judice*, I must not say more. Still, I am having a bit on Bull—just because he's a namesake. The Walker Trustees! Walker!

John Bull.

To Lord Ribblesdale, 32, Green Street, London, W.

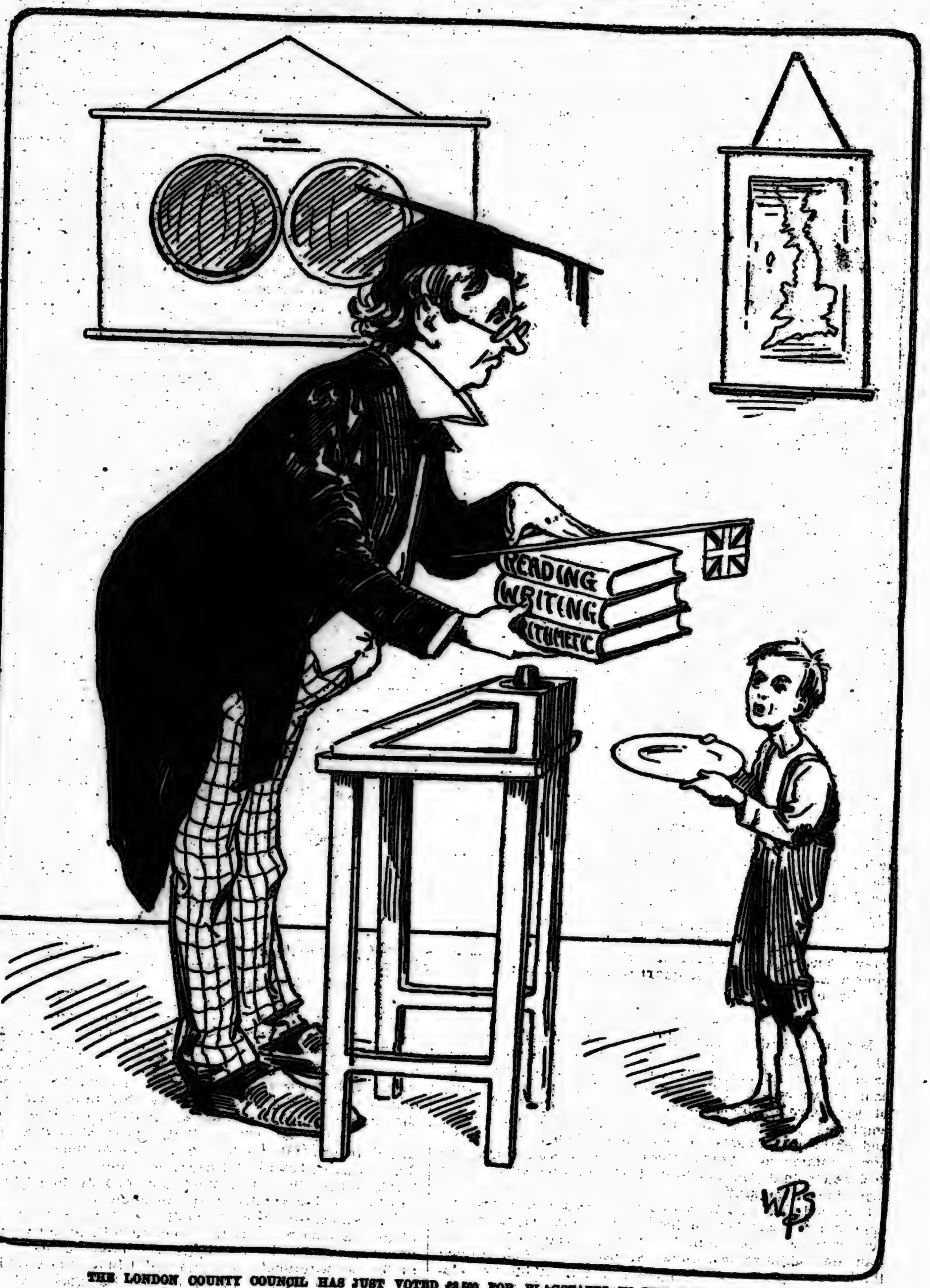
My dear Lord,—One of my eagle eyes was attracted to a paragraph in a morning newspaper the other day, headed "Liberal Peer Revolts." Reading, I discovered that you are the Liberal peer who has revolted. If I mistake not, you have revolted before, and why you should revolt again puzzles me extremely. If I had been in your place I should have done all my revolting in one act. You should never take two bites at a cherry, my lord.

What surprises me is that, notwithstanding your second revolt, Babylon has not fallen—although you once did service in the Liberal cause as Whip in the House of Lords—where there is nothing and nobody in particular to whip—and as Master of the Buckhounds.

I see the reason of your revolt is that you are "in complete disagreement with the Government's proposals for a new adjustment of the weights and measures, as it were, of the Constitution." It is an awful blow, my dear lord, but I will do my best to survive it. For goodness' sake, don't revolt again, however, or there is no telling what will happen.

John Bull.

THE STARVING CHILD.



THE LONDON COUNTY COUNCIL HAS JUST VOTED £3,500 FOR FLAGSTAFFS IN THE SCHOOLS, BUT DECLINES TO PUT THE PROVISION OF MEALS ACT INTO FORCE.

IN THE CITY.

LEVER BROTHERS, LTD.

In commenting upon the report of Lever Brothers for the past year just published, our financial contemporaries have congratulated shareholders upon the highly satisfactory position as disclosed, and at a first glance it would seem that these congratulations are justified, for the amount standing to the credit of Profit and Loss Account, after crediting £50,000 received from the *Daily Mail* as damages for a libellous statement, is £405,331. But a closer examination of the accounts (which are drawn up in a different way from those of past years) warrants a different view, and, indeed, considerable uneasiness as to the real position of this huge concern. Instead of the business improving, it seems to us to be going down. The only thing about it that shows expansion is the liabilities. As we make it out, the net profit from trading is, roughly, £240,000. On the balance-sheet it stands at £405,331, but from this has to be taken items which hitherto have not been included, and which, according to the official figures, amount to £114,244. Add the £50,000 from the *Daily Mail*, and there remains £241,087. Contrast this with the net profits of preceding years, and it will be seen how serious is the fall.

1904.	1905.	1906.	1907.
£286,631.	£367,020.	£295,167.	£241,087.

Yet all the time the issued capital has been increasing, as below :—

1905.	1906.	1907
£3,850,000.	£4,390,000.	£4,765,000.

Not only have net profits been decreasing, and capital increasing, in the way we have shown. Many of the items as set forth in the present balance-sheet are disturbing. For example, "By debtors, £509,466." How does this item stand as compared with previous years?

1905.	1906.	1907.
£258,477.	£319,392.	£509,466.

The debts grow as profits dwindle. Shares in associated companies show somewhat similar increase. The figures or the three years are as below :—

1905.	1906.	1907.
£993,254.	£1,173,831.	£1,581,373.

Of course, everything depends here upon the character of the associated companies, and as to that information is anything but complete, but the information we have is not reassuring. Take, for example, Hodgson and Simpson, of Wakefield. This company was bought up and a new company of £100,000 capital formed to work it, but the works are shut up and the manufacture of whatever the company had to sell has been transferred to Port Sunlight. Does this figure as an asset of £100,000? It would be safe to say that all that is represented is not worth probably a third of that sum. So, too, with Vinolia—the works take over from this company at Stratford and Malden Crescent are shut up. How does the asset stand in the books of the company?

We turn to Reserve, which stands at £317,152. What does this represent? Nothing substantial. The money is in the business, and there is not a penny of it outside. It is the same with the Depreciation Fund standing at £28,441. The cash at bankers and in hand is much less than in previous years. Here are the figures :—

1905.	1906.	1907.
£186,226.	£158,977.	£139,471.

On December 31, 1907, the company had cash at bankers and in hand of £139,471, and there is required for dividend at least £150,000, not to speak of bills and accounts due.

We have no wish to depreciate a great business built up by the energy and skill of a single man, who is still at its head, and is in every sense its guiding spirit; but the points to which we have directed attention, and others which space does not allow us to deal with, do seem to us to warrant serious consideration, if shareholders are not to come to the conclusion that the prosperity of the company is very much less real than the figures of the last balance-sheet would seem to show.

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THE SOUTH ATLANTIC TRADING CO., LTD.
Mr. T. C. Kerry's Bantling.

In our issue of December 21st, we directed attention to the registration of this Company. Last week the public were invited to subscribe its capital. It is formed to acquire and work a licence obtained from the Colonial Office four years ago by Mr. T. C. Kerry to take away the guano deposits on the three islands, Gough, Inaccessible, and Nightingale, near Tristan Da Cunha, in the South Atlantic Ocean, also to conduct a seal fishery within the territorial limits of the islands.

The prospectus states that the guano deposits are "almost inexhaustible and very valuable," and that the "extensive sealing grounds" are so rich in seals that a whaler who was there a short time carried away with him seals he sold for £40,000, "averaging about £5 per skin."

Assuming the prospectus statements as to the guano and the seals to be true, it is not surprising that "the Company anticipates that when operations are in full working order the exports of guano should reach 100,000 tons per annum, with a net profit of £300,000," whilst "the seal question will be an important factor in the Company's operations." The capital of the Company being only £100,000, shareholders should get back their money, with a good deal over, from the first year's operations.

We have been asked by several of our readers if these prospectus statements can be relied upon. They are moonshine. The guano deposits are commercially worthless. The Cape Colony Government had samples brought over and analysed, but they showed no value. A Cape Town merchant went over the islands last year, hoping to be able to do something with the deposits so as to help the Tristan Da Cunha islanders. He came away satisfied that the deposits have no commercial value. Messrs. Bensusan and Co. shipped a cargo from Gough. Ask them what came of it. As stated in our issue of April 20th last, a Liverpool firm offered Mr. Kerry £38,000 for his licence if their expert confirmed his statements as to the quality of the guano—they paying all expenses. Mr. Kerry declined.

As to the seals, it is untrue that Mr. Kerry's licence allows him to kill them. That licence gives him rights over the guano and nothing else. If he begins killing the seals he will have to reckon with a gun-boat. Instructions have been issued that the seals are to be strictly preserved.

Those who drew up this prospectus must have been misled as to the value of the licence, for which the company is to pay £75,000. Those of our readers who applied for shares upon the strength of the prospectus statements should cancel their applications.

THE LONDON CLERKS' ASSOCIATION.

We have recently received several letters from correspondents who consider they have grievances against this Association, or desire to know its standing. And these have been followed by the visit of a reader of John Bull, who has put before us a case that discloses very unsatisfactory procedure on the part of the Association.

Our correspondent joined the Association eleven years, ago, and was a member of it until very recently, having paid in altogether £22. He was employed by a Furnishing Company with whom he had been for eighteen years, when, for reasons he explained to us, and which were amply sufficient, he resigned. He then applied to the Association for the assistance which they undertake to give to clerks out of employment, and he received from the Secretary of the Association the following reply :—

> "My Board have fully considered your application for out of employment benefit, but regret to find that you have no claim for same under the rules, and I am desired further to call your attention to Rules 2 and 16."

Now Rule 2 simply enacts that payment shall be made to every member out of employment "where such want of employment does not arise from negligence, or misconduct, or from any member giving up his situation without satisfactory reasons for so doing." There is nothing in that rule that applies to our correspondent. Rule 16 simply requires members "to notify to the Secretary immediately they are in receipt of the knowledge that they are leaving their situations." This was done by our correspondent. When he wrote to the Secretary asking for an explanation as to why he referred to rules which he had not broken, he got no reply.

Now last autumn a prospectus was issued which gives the names of Sir Albert Rollit, Mr. Justin McCarthy, and Mr. Frank Debenham as patrons, and our correspondent, unable to get satisfaction from the management,

wrote to Sir Albert Rollit narrating his experience. In due course he got the following reply from that gentleman:—

"I have been making enquiries and cannot find that I am announced as one of the patrons of the London Clerks' Association. I believe that some years ago I occupied that or some other similar position, but I resigned some time ago."

This letter is dated 13th September, 1907, and our correspondent assures us that the prospectus upon which Sir Albert Rollit's name appeared was obtained by him from the office of the Association in that month.

It is right to say that recently another prospectus has been issued which gives the names of other gentlemen as Trustees, but we should like to know what explanation the Association has to offer for keeping Sir Albert Rollit's name, and Mr. Justin McCarthy's, and Mr. Frank Debenham's names, on their prospectus as patrons of the Association long after these gentlemen closed their connection with it. Indeed, Mr. Justin McCarthy, through his sister, wrote to our correspondent to say that:—

"The patron of the Clerks' Association must be another Justin McCarthy; neither my father nor my brother is a patron of the London Clerks' Association."

But the London Clerks' Association caused it to be believed that Mr. Justin McCarthy was a patron, seeing that they put M.P. after his name, and although he ceased to be in Parliament, no other Justin McCarthy has been there for more than twenty years. We shall be glad to hear from the Secretary, or from some person in authority, in explanation of the matters to which we have directed attention.

KATE REILLY, LTD.

We have rather disturbing statements as to the position of this Company. We understand that the dividend is to be passed and that the official explanation is that this is due to a loss of £2,000 upon an account, but our information is that this loss was incurred two years ago. From what we hear the management leaves a good deal to be desired, and unless radical changes are made, and quickly, there will be trouble.

THE CHARTERED COMPANY.

As we rather anticipated, the shareholders of the Chartered Company would not find the million wanted by the directors, and so the scheme falls through. In lieu of it, the directors have decided to create £1,750,000 Five-and-a-half Per Cent. Second Mortgage Debenture Stock, and £1,000,000 of his stock is to be offered to the shareholders at par, *pro rata* to their share holdings. There is no mention of any minimum subscription, so that presumably the directors will take what they can get, even though it falls far short of the million wanted. It may be the shareholders will find money for debentures which they refused for shares, but we should not be surprised if the subscription falls short of the million asked for.

CASSELL AND CO.

The Shareholders' Provisional Committee of Cassell and Company are moving in support of the demand for an independent investigation of the affairs of the Company. We think this inquiry a very desirable and necessary step. It is true that the report for the past year just issued shows considerable increase in net profits, but there is reason to believe that if proper allowances had been made for depreciation, etc., the figures would be much less comforting. However that may be, the time has come for independent and full examination of the Company's position, and we hope shareholders will insist upon it.

FINANCIAL ENQUIRIES.

SPENCER SANTOS.—HOOKEY (Hook).—(1) We think not. (2) We should be disposed to sell the ordinary shares you name. The company is not doing so well as it has done, and the outlook is not altogether encouraging.

STATUS OF BANK.—T. H. (Newport).—(1) It is not in the front rank. (2) The Eagle is an influential insurance company with a large West-End connection. (3) The Scottish Provident Institution is one of the largest life offices in the United Kingdom, admirably managed, and very attractive to new entrants. The institution is founded on the mutuall principle, all the divisible profits belonging to the policy holders entitled to participate after (except in endowment assurance cases) the premiums accumulated at 4 per cent. compound interest equal in amount the original sum insured. The premiums charged for whole life policies are considerably lower than average rates in British offices.

CHARTERED TRUST.—P. F. D. (Nottingham).—Perhaps it is better to hold for the present, but get out on the first favourable opportunity.

ANGLO-AMERICAN FINANCE CORPORATION.—J. D. (Caithness).—Our answer was not meant in any way to imply that the corporation is not respectable and sound.

RAILWAY STOCKS.—L. B. (Dover).—It is not easy to forecast the future of railway stocks, but if you make a judicious selection you can hardly go wrong in buying at present prices. But in your place we should put some of the £4,000 into other stocks and shares.

COMPENSATION FOR ACCIDENT.—MARCUS (Desborough).—You make very grave statements against the company. We cannot deal with them unless you send us evidence in support of these allegations. Can you do so?

GREAT COBAR COPPER.—A. F. L. (Aughton).—We do not think these shares suitable for your purpose.

STOCK EXCHANGE INVESTMENT.—A BEGINNER (Eastbourne).—No.

INVESTMENT OF £500.—R. J. B. (Pimlico).—If you put your money into National Telephone Preference Shares you would get over the percentage you want.

NATIONAL BENEFIT TRUST.—A. H. (Manchester).—Yes, "it is a sound and perfectly safe concern."

THE EQUITY LAW ASSURANCE SOCIETY.—G. D. C. (Clapton).—It is a high class life office, with official legal connections. It has always yielded good results to shareholders and policy holders, and it is well and economically managed.

TWO MINING SHARES.—WIDOW (Newquay).—The companies are making no profits.

MCADAM AND TUCKNISS.—J. R. (Forest Gate).—We regret that we cannot help you, and we must say that you have no one to blame but yourself. Instead of going to a member of the Stock Exchange, you deal with people of whom you know nothing, and who give you no guarantee that they will treat you properly, and we should have thought that when outside brokers talk about "running their stock and share business entirely on faith in God" that of itself would have been enough to save you from any dealings with them. In this world we must use such intelligence as we have if we would avoid coming to grief.

PRICE OF CONSOLS.—C. R. (Fulham).—As we write the price of Consols is 87. Really you ought not to trouble us with a question of the kind, since you have only to turn to a morning paper to get the answer to it.

INSURANCE COMPANY.—A. P. (Portsmouth).—We are not satisfied that the association can carry out its promises.

INSURANCE OF SON.—G. B. H. (Sunderland).—You say that you insured your son when he was a boy, and kept up the payments on the policy until he died four months ago, at the age of 53. Now his widow refuses to sign the insurance paper, and you cannot get the money. Apart from legal questions, it seems to be a family squabble in which we cannot help you.

THE LAW GUARANTEE AND TRUST SOCIETY.—J. L. (Lambeth).—The main object of this society is the insurance of mortgages, debentures, and contingencies of all kinds, and it has a strong influential board and an extensive and important legal connection. Several other institutions have been established for similar purposes, but the Law Guarantee and Trust Society has been much more successful than any of its rivals in its own special department, and its reserves of uncalled capital are larger than those of any other office of its class. At the same time, its obligations are heavier.

CHARING CROSS BANK.—HECTOR (Harlesden).—We never recommend deposits with people who pay the high rates of interest you mention.

INVESTMENT OF £400.—J. H. (Bath).—The building society you name is sound and well managed. Have nothing to do with the outside brokers you mention.

PROVIDENT FREEHOLD ASSURANCE COMPANY.—J. W. R. (Manchester).—It is well managed and financially strong.

PAYMENT OF DEPOSIT.—V. G. V. (Manchester).—No, the amount could not be recovered if you plead the Gaming Act. Take our advice, and in future steer clear of Stock Exchange speculation.

BRITISH UNITED ASSURANCE CORPORATION.—J. W.—What does the corporation say? Send us the correspondence.

POOR LAW GUARANTEE ASSOCIATION.—W. R. (Loughton).—We are obliged to you for the papers, which shall have our attention.

PROVINCIAL HOMES SOCIETY.—D. J. W. (Rondor).—We are inclined to think so.

DOUBLE OPTIONS.—WARRACK (Bridgwater).—It is impossible for us to advise you without fuller information than that which you give us in your letter. You should consult a solicitor, and avoid in future having any dealings with outside brokers who advertise these patents ideas

MAKAWATTEE ORDINARY.—W. S. P. (Putney).—(1) The company has been in troubled waters, but the present management is doing all that is possible to improve the position. We should hold for a time. (2) We advise readers, who ask us, not to buy Servian Bonds because we think they can do much better with their money.

CARGO FLEET DEBENTURES.—W. C. G. S. (Wolverhampton).—We think your wife should hold her debentures. She could only sell at present at a heavy loss. The works of the company form perhaps the most up-to-date iron and steel plant in the Kingdom. The quotation for the debentures should improve again by and bye.

ALBION WORKS ASSOCIATION.—G. W. (Oldham).—Without answering your other questions, we know of no sufficient reason why you should not take the post which, we understand, has been offered to you.

THE MANUFACTURERS' LIFE OF TORONTO.—F. J. (Maida Vale).—It is a sound and enterprising office.

DEPOSIT OF £300.—C. L. (London).—We can only say what we have said to so many others. We do not recommend depositing with people who offer 10 per cent. for the use of your money.

SICKNESS AND ACCIDENT AND OLD AGE WORKMEN AND GENERAL INSURANCE.—F. C. F. (Hoxton).—Opinions differ.

THREE SHARES.—W. H. (Glasgow).—Cassell's seem to be looking up a little, judging from their last report, but it is not a purchase we should recommend. Newnes' ought to improve, but the position is not quite as clear as it might be, and the other company you name is not doing very well just now.

H. E. RANDALL, LIMITED.—We consider these shares a very fair speculative investment, and we think you had much better increase your holding by taking some of the new shares rather than get rid of it by selling what you have.

OUTSIDE BROKERS.—T. M. B. (London).—You should get them through a foreign banker. C. G. (Streatham).—Better have nothing to do with them. INVESTOR (Hereford).—(1) Have nothing to do with them. (2) We cannot guarantee the genuineness of the offer to which you refer. AUSTRALIA (Mount Bartree).—We cannot recommend either of the firms you mention.

THE ALBION ASSURANCE ASSOCIATION.—H. D. (Brighton).—The answer is in the negative.

CONVERSION OF BUSINESS.—B. B. (Kentish Town Road).—We could not answer your question without fuller particulars.

FARROW'S BANK.—A. J. A. (Cubitt Town).—We are inclined to think so. R. (Chiswick).—Ditto.

ATLAS BANKING CORPORATION.—H. S. H. (Blatchford).—The reply is in the negative.

TACHIN AND MEKLONG RAILWAY CORPORATION.—SHAREHOLDER (Cheltenham).—It seems hard, but we do not know what remedy you have.

BEST INSURANCE.—G. W. (Tylerstown).—Neither of the offices you mention is anywhere near the front rank.

INSURANCE OF £1,000.—M. (St. Ives).—If you tell us the particular kind of insurance you favour, we shall be able to give you an answer.

VARIOUS SHARES.—F. F. (Jersey).—We should hold the mining shares for the present. As to the candle company shares, we should prefer another selection.

CUMBRIAN MINING COMPANY, LIMITED.—E. F. G. (Birmingham).—We take note of what you say, and will make some enquiries into the matter.

PRUDENTIAL INSURANCE COMPANY.—W. E. M. (Westgate).—We note what you say respecting the case of Mr. Jacobs, a tailor of Tottenham Court road, who sued and recovered. As to there being no report of the case, newspapers cannot report every case that comes before the Courts.

THE HURLY BURLY.

By Theodore Dahle.

THE "TIMES," LORD TWEEDMOUTH, AND A MARE'S NEST.

Every now and again the *Times* gets a bee in its bonnet, or a flea in its ear, or a screw loose, or a tile off, or some other similar affliction, and then there is the devil to pay. If the other penn'orths and ha'porths did not take any notice, but exerted their utmost energies of silence while their more expensive contemporary ranted and raved in spasms, the poor afflicted thing would recover in half the time. That, however, is not their way. No sooner does the *Times* start making a din than they join in the performance. Some of them scream with it, and some of them scream at it. The result is that its outbreak assumes the importance of a national row which echoes across the seven seas.

In this country there are a number of admirals, naval experts, and jingoes who have got the Kaiser not only on the brain, but on the liver. They have made him, or are trying to make him, the bogey man of England. Everything he says, everything he writes, everything he does, and everything he doesn't, they weave into a terrifying legend. The Kaiser wants to rule the sea. The Kaiser wants the biggest "Dreadnoughts," and more of them, that never dreaded aught. The Kaiser not only turns your Derby winners into prime German sausage, but he is coming over with a mighty fleet and a Napoleonic army to turn England into a huge sauerkraut emporium. The Kaiser is coming to slay you in your beds and drink your beer. The Kaiser is coming to make a fry of London and a stew of Upper Tooting. The Kaiser is going to make pie of your fleet and pudding of your army. Well, I admit there are any number of possibilities in his crown; but I warn him here and now that if he tries to do any of these things I shall immediately go and get my gun. As things are, however, why should not the Kaiser write a private note to his friend Tweedmouth explaining, as Mr. Chamberlain said of himself some time ago, that he has neither horns nor tail? And why should not Lord Tweedmouth write replying to his friend the Kaiser that he, for one, never said he had, and if anybody else had said it, that had got nothing to do with him, and he did not care a dum anyway? Yet, on that, the *Times* foams at the mouth as if it had suddenly been taken with a fit while eating soap, shrieks for the publication of the letters, and calls St. Jingo to witness that Lord Tweedmouth has probably sold the stately homes of England, all the beauteous land, for a jug of lager and a hunk of red Strasburg. Even Pigott, the forger of the Parnellite letters, wanted more for selling the *Times*, and got it.

I do not blame Lord Tweedmouth for his refusal to agree to the publication of private letters between his friend the Kaiser and himself until after the funeral of one or both of them. It may be that the Kaiser has described the noble lord who perturbed his royal brow as a stupendous ass, or a giddy goat, or something of that sort, and Lord Tweedmouth may have agreed with him; and it is a well-known rule that the terms of affection in which one eminent person speaks of another eminent person in private letters are not for publication in the ha'penny, penny, or even threepenny Press until the grave has found for one of them an indiscreet biographer. An unedited edition of the private letters of the late Queen Victoria, for instance, would probably have made a storm in all the teapots of Europe if the *Times* had published them in her own day.

The comedy of the fudge and the fuss comes out at the word "private," and humbly I beg leave to ask who has been dining with whom? There are at least two classic methods of revealing a secret. One is by going out to dine; the other by mentioning it to your wife. Who has blabbed this innocuous correspondence is not for me even to guess, but I may say my careful inquiries negative any supposition that the First Lord of the Admiralty framed it and hung it in his drawing-room as a rich and rare exhibit of contrasting specimens of modern caligraphy. Anyhow, the mare's nest must have been going rather cheap before it reached Colonel Repington, the military correspondent of the *Times*, and the central figure of the panic-mongers who are everlastingly screaming about the coming German invasion of England.

Why the Kaiser should desire to invade our happy homes is as inexplicable to me as would be a desire on the part of King Edward to invade the pork shops of Germany. We have done nothing to merit such an unfriendly act. We buy his Majesty's meat and fish goods, both loose and potted. The *hors d'œuvres* of his native land are on our tables; the lather of his barbers is on our chins. He has been given food in our palaces, has shot over our preserves, heard our "Hochs!" in the streets; and if he turns on us after all this, I can only say I shall have to disapprove of his ungrateful conduct. Meanwhile, "Hoch der Kaiser!"

In another column will be found the advertisement of "Antineurasthin," which is said to be good for brain and nerves. Apparently it is sponsored by Dr. A. Kuhner, the German nerve specialist, and although we speak with no authority upon such matters, we may direct attention to the statements of the advertisement.

Electricity *versus* Medicine.

An Interesting Discussion of an Interesting Subject.

This subject is one that is occupying a prominent place in the experiments of all progressive medical men. The success attained with electricity has even astonished some of its strongest advocates. Dr. Poore, writing upon the subject of electricity, in one of his well-known works, says: "No other single therapeutical agent is so generally useful or admits of so many and such varied applications—for some of which it stands alone and supreme." That opinion is shared by all those who have made a close study of the subject. The wonderful success of electricity in cases where drugs have utterly failed has forced belief in the efficacy of the latter almost to the vanishing point.

That electricity is a powerful curative agent is a fact too well known to require further illustrative proofs. It is a positive cure for all Stomach Troubles, Rheumatism, Lumbago, Sciatica, Nervousness, Paralysis, Epilepsy, Kidney, Liver, Bladder, and Bowel complaints, and all forms of weakness.

How many men and women are going through life mere pigmies of what they should be? They lack interest in everything—enjoy nothing. And why? Because they are weak, which means they lack electricity. Such persons can be made strong and robust, perfect specimens of health and vigour. The means is easy and simple.

At the recent International Exhibition held in London the "Ajax" Dry-Cell Body Battery was awarded the Diploma with Grand Prix and Gold Medal. The Award was given through the medical section of the Exhibition, and specially praises the system of applying the current as well as the battery. This is the highest honour ever gained by an electric treatment.

An interesting book of eighty pages has recently been published. It is free to anyone who writes for it. It will point out the way whereby the blessings of perfect health can be enjoyed. A postcard or a letter sent to The British Electric Institute (Dept. 41), 25, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C., will bring it at once in a plain sealed envelope. All advice is free. This new method has been awarded the *Science Siftings* Certificate of Merit.—[Advt.]

BENGER'S FOOD

Benger's Food really Assists Nature.

Benger's Food really assists Nature by gradually restoring the weakened stomach to the stage at which it can undertake the digestion of more solid foods. Its particular and important feature is that it can be prepared to suit any degree of digestive power, according to the directions on each tin.

Benger's Food is sold in tins by Chemists, etc., everywhere.

PROMPT CASH ADVANCES

£100 TO £10,000 LENT PRIVATELY

On approved note of hand, without security.

FIELDINGS 10, SOUTHAMPTON ROW, LONDON, W.C.

For any period in Town or Country. Repayments as mutually agreed upon. No fees or bills of sale, and strictest privacy.

Advances on 2nd mortgages. Bills discounted.

To Asthma Sufferers

Instant relief in Asthma, Bronchitis, Croup, and Whooping Cough by the use of POTTER'S ASTHMA CURE in 1/- tins, SOLD EVERYWHERE. For FREE SAMPLE send Postcard to POTTER & CLARKE, Artillery Lane, London, E. Mention paper.

Instant relief

JOHN BULL'S WOMENFOLK.

By Mrs. Bull.

Bachelors.

I wonder if any man really feels serious alarm lest during the course of Leap Year he be proposed to by some enterprising damsel? Surely we should pity him if he has such tremors, for if it be difficult for a girl to decline a proposal with becoming grace, what must it be for a poor wretch of a man? Girls find plenty of examples in novels of tactful refusals, but men have very little aid in this direction. True, Tennyson relates how delicately that brave knight, Sir Lancelot, declined fair Elaine's offer of marriage, but what ordinary man can or would soften the blow by offering the slighted damsel "one-half of all his lands" as a dowry when Mr. Right comes along? No, the reluctant male recipient of a proposal would just have to wriggle out of his dilemma as best he could, inspired only by his own unaided genius.

And, after all, who would want to render any assistance to the creature? If there is any idiotic individual on the face of this globe, surely it is the deliberate bachelor! It is far easier to sympathize with the man who finds so many girls adorable in one way or another that he wishes he were a Turk and could open a harem, than it is to have any patience with the superior masculine person who shows by his unfettered state that he does not consider any girl good enough for him. But perhaps the poor dear cherishes an unrequited passion? Perhaps the one and only *She* will not have him; let us be charitable in our surmises.

Old Maids.

There is perhaps no subject that amazes other women more than does a man's choice of a wife. We see girls left unsought and unwon whom we—not blinded by romance—know right well would make the sweetest, most tender, and devoted of wives and mothers. In some cases, it is perhaps the very gentleness and refinement of their natures that causes them to be overlooked by Man on the Warpath, for the poet's line that declares that:—

"Maidens, like moths, are ever caught by glare,"

applies also to the susceptible male sex. After all, we women are the best, the most reliable, judges of one another—at least, as far as practical wearing qualities are concerned. Many a man would do wisely—could he but believe it—if he allowed his affectionate sister to decide upon his future wife for him. Of course, it would be a dreadful responsibility for the sisters, but doubtless concern for their brother's welfare would persuade them to undertake the task. Methinks the flirtatious, showy, self-seeking damsel will find her day gone when sisters are made the arbiters of their brothers' matrimonial fate.

Little Dress Details.

I do not think that even the most practical jury of sisters will choose for their brothers' helpmates girls who pay no attention at all to their toilette and appearance. There are some little details in dress that are so charming that they can almost be looked upon as virtues. The harmonising of the colours of a costume may surely come under this heading, and is one of the points concerning which especial care must be paid this season. Very bright colours are much in favour, and two or even more hues are being utilized in fashionable gowns. This is always a source of danger, and women who are not absolutely certain of their good taste had better recognize that discretion is the better part of valour. That curious combination, blue and green, is again being brought to the front; this always has been, and always will be, a pitfall for the unwary.

There is one smart Society dame who has a speciality of her own regarding the scents she employs. She always breathes sweetly of blossoms that are actually in season. In the early winter she will exhale a perfume of violets; in the spring, of apple-blossom; as the year progresses, she will pass through the varying stages of white rose and jasmine, passing on to clove carnation, new-mown hay, and so round to violets again. Quite a pretty fancy. Other women, on the contrary, prefer to choose some refined scent and make it their own. When we consider the association there undoubtedly is about perfumes, this latter idea is perhaps the more full of sentiment.

Some pretty new ideas for gloves are amid the spring novelties. Of course, these little toilette accessories do not allow scope for much variety, and, truth to tell, the glove manufacturers do not find that anything particularly novel or *outre* has as good a sale as the ordinary conventional make. Nevertheless, the new gloves of pale fawn or tan kid, ending in gauntlets of dainty blue or pink, are irresistible. Pretty fancy buttons also are a fascinating and unobtrusive finish.

A reader writes:—

If you please, Mrs. Bull, the haddock when baked should have lots of *fat* (dripping) around it in a *deep* pan *covered*—sort of braised, d'ye see?—and be served with brown sauce made from *stock* (Ju-Vis, what price?). Excuse me, madam, but it is an old and favourite dish of "Man of Kent."

CAN YOU DO WITH A GUINEA? See page 269.

THE KEELEY CURE.

FOR DRINK AND DRUG HABITS.

Anyone who has a desire to free himself of these awful curses can do so by taking the Keeley Treatment, and will leave the Institute without the slightest crave or desire for either Alcohol or Drugs.

W. T. Stead writes in the *Review of Reviews*: "If I were to become a drunkard I should tell my friends I was going to take a month's holiday in the Keeley Institute, West Bolton Gardens, and rid my system of the last trace of the craving for alcohol; there is no doubt it can be done, nor does there seem to be any reason to fear failure."

The Keeley Treatment is always administered by regularly qualified physicians, who have made a special study of Inebriety. After carefully inquiring into the history of each patient, and making a thorough physical examination, they treat each case according to the condition of the patient. No matter how long-standing the addiction, or how much has been taken, the result is invariably the same, a cure.

No constitution is too delicate for the Keeley Treatment, as the remedies are perfectly harmless.

Patients are given the utmost freedom; there is absolutely no confinement, and, until the remedies render it unnecessary, they are allowed their usual amount of alcohol or drugs.

"IT REALLY CURES."

"It really cures. It does what it professes to do." Such is the emphatic testimony of Mr. Eardley-Wilmot, the well-known secretary of the Church of England Temperance Society, who for some years has had the Keeley method under close observation in this country. He tells how case after case that had been considered hopeless has yielded speedily to the Keeley Cure, the patients returning to their work full of vigour, and happy in the restoration of all that makes life worth living.

We can show you hundreds of letters of gratitude from patients who have taken the treatment, and who are willing that their names should be given, or they will correspond direct with prospective patients.

Write us to-day and we will prove to you that this cure is an incontrovertible fact, approved by some of our most eminent men, among them the following: Rev. Canon Fleming, B.D.; the Right Hon. Lord Montagu of Beaulieu; H. W. Forster, Esq, M.P.; Vice-Admiral Woodward, C.B.; Rev. R. J. Campbell, M.A.; W. Hind-Smith, Esq.; and Eardley-Wilmot, Esq., R.N., Secretary of the Church of England Temperance Society.

MORE THAN HALF A MILLION

have taken the treatment, among them 17,000 physicians. Does not this fact alone speak volumes? And twenty per cent. of our patients come through the recommendation of their family physician.

About one-third of the patients are ladies, all of whom have apartments outside the Institute, of their own selection.

The treatment takes four weeks for alcohol (for drugs five to six weeks), and is carried out in the United Kingdom at the Keeley Institute, 9, West Bolton Gardens, London, S.W., or by special arrangement we can either send physician to patient's own home—or to travel with him.—Advt.

"THE 20th CENTURY DISEASE" AND ITS STRANGE SYMPTOMS.

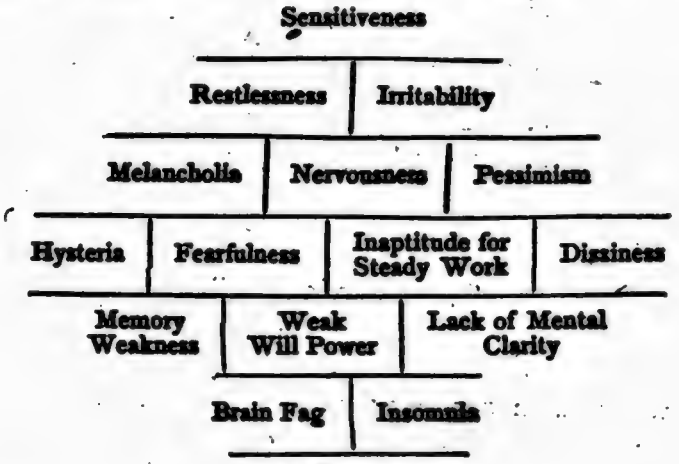
DISCOVERY OF ANTIDOTE FOR "NERVOUS ASTHENIA."

THE POPE'S PHYSICIAN CONGRATULATES THE DISCOVERER.

Dr. A. Kuhner, the well-known German nerve specialist, has just written a remarkable treatise on the subject of the disease that bids fair to be known as "The Twentieth Century Disease."

The extraordinary feature of this rapidly-spreading complaint is that it may exist in a man or woman apparently strong and healthy in every other respect. So subtle, indeed, is this disease in its earlier stages that the victim himself may be actually unconscious of it. Unfortunately, the same cannot be said of its distressing later stages of development.

Beginning with the apparently trivial symptomatic condition of "sensitiveness" or "nervousness" (or "touchiness," as the victim's candid friends may describe it), the disease may, if neglected or encouraged in its development, progress through some of the following serious stages :—



The ever-increasing number of suicides in which "Death from unknown causes" is the common but enigmatical verdict is proof of the diabolically stealthy progress of this disease.

Seven out of every ten indoor workers are stated to be more or less affected by the disease, especially men and women whose duties call for intense mental concentration. Doctors have diagnosed it as Business Nerves and House Nerves in the case of women.

DR. KUHNER'S TREATISE.

Happily, preventive medical skill is much more up-to-date than it was even so recently as when influenza first raged as an epidemic. To-day medical science has "scotched," if it has not entirely killed, influenza, though only after it had carried off tens of thousands to too early graves. And to-day medical skill has already found its antidote for "Nervous Asthenia," or "Neurasthenia." Dr. Kuhner generously pays tribute in his treatise to its discovery by a professional confrère, a Dr. Karl Hartmann, whose discovery bears the appropriate name of "Antineurasthin."

The most extraordinary testimony as to the value of the discovery is already being published in the medical and public Press.

His Holiness the Pope's Physician-in-Ordinary, Dr. Giuseppe Lapponi, of Rome, writes :—

"I made trials in my private practice of 'Antineurasthin,' and shall prescribe it henceforward, as it is an admirable agent for toning and strengthening the nervous system. I take the liberty of congratulating you on your discovery."

Similar unqualified approval of Dr. Hartmann's "Antineurasthin" has been received from other very high quarters, as may be seen in Dr. Kuhner's medical treatise.

INTRODUCTION OF DISCOVERY INTO ENGLAND.

The success of "Antineurasthin" as the antidote to nervous asthenia is based on Dr. Hartmann's discovery of the importance of the brain and spinal marrow as the central station of the nervous system. Dr. Hartmann has shown that nervousness, nervous debility, neurasthenia, etc., do not represent conditions of debility of the nerve fibres themselves, but of the brain and spinal marrow. In further explanation of the wonderful effect of "Antineurasthin," it may be pointed out that it is not a drug, but the brain and nerve-substance-forming essentials of certain selected foods. Myeline (or Lecithine) is the scientific name for this brain-and-nerve-building constituent of our daily food.

Now, one of those lingering popular fallacies which yet have a modicum of truth at their base is that fish food strengthens the brain. This it does, but only to about the same extent (and less than some) as other articles of diet.

Though we know that insufficient food, or a dietary deficient in certain nutrients, allows the body and brain to fall into a state of weakness, yet, on the other hand, the body, brain and nerves cannot be strengthened, either as a whole or in part, beyond the limits set by the food appropriative capacity of the system.

NINE-TENTHS OF VITAL POWER.

It is not continual overloading of the stomach with the finest "Dover soles" or richest foods that will build up additional brain and nerve strength.

No less than nine-tenths of vital power is exhausted by life's primary processes of assimilation and elimination, but the demand on brain-workers to-day creates a more or less continual overdraft on the nine-tenths proportion of life's capital required for the current working expenses of the body.

Dr. Hartmann's "Antineurasthin" is a scientific extract-compound from those articles of food richest in the lecithinic, or brain and nerve-building constituents.

The value of Dr. Hartmann's discovery lies in the scientific fact that "Antineurasthin" is not a mere body and brain food. It is a brain and nerve food solely, and as such is distinctly assimilable by the brain and nervous system. Hence it supplies the want long-sufferingly felt by those whose work in life entails an undue cerebral-nervous demand on the common fund of vital power.

Dr. Hartmann's discovery is one that should personally and very deeply interest brain-workers in all walks of life. Every day is heard and seen all too serious evidences of the undue strain of their intense work on the vital power of the body. And now, on the highest possible authority, it is heralded that science has proved equal to the stern necessity which demanded the discovery of "Antineurasthin"—the brain and nerve food.

UNDUE CEREBRAL-NERVOUS DEMAND.

Those of our readers who occupy responsible positions in life know only too well what a near-to-breaking strain is imposed by the incandescent-like intensity called for in their work, and the more self-sacrificing and intense the worker, the greater is the expenditure of the "burning coal" of the cerebro-neural force. Even the most virile and brilliant men have been known to sink into utter exhaustion immediately "the labour's o'er." Nothing but the white-hot intensity of will and purpose has preserved the brilliant mentality tension of the earnest speaker or worker until his task was done.

No longer need the brain-worker struggle on under the cloud of fear of failing powers of brain and body. He or she may, by including "Antineurasthin" as an article vitally necessary in the daily dietary, maintain that perfect balance of mental and physical power which alone can uphold health and happiness.

For greater convenience "Antineurasthin" is compressed into small tablets, and although its beneficial effect on the brain and senses is so immediate, yet there is none of the depressing reaction that follows the administration of artificial drug "stimulants," "Antineurasthin" being a special brain and nerve nutrient and not a brain and nerve irritant.

This new nerve food comes with hearty commendation from many scientists, and since its introduction into England a short time ago it has already alleviated much suffering—curing most severe headaches, acute neuralgia, and sciatica, whilst even cases of creeping paralysis and brain concussion have been treated with complete success.

Space does not now allow further information respecting this marvellous 20th-century brain and nerve food discovery, but readers may like to know that they may obtain a copy of Dr. Kuhner's remarkable treatise, as well as a trial supply of Dr. Hartmann's "Antineurasthin," by merely making written application therefor to the Antineurasthin Co., 41 Botolph House, Eastcheap, London, E.C. Two penny stamps should be enclosed for postage.

The effect even of the trial supply offered to readers will come as a revelation of the possibilities of modern scientific building up of the brain and nerve-cells. The above offer of a supply of "Antineurasthin" for personal trial purposes is one that should be immediately accepted by every brain-worker, as well as by every reader conscious of some form of weakness of the nervous system.—(ADVT.)

A CITY LUNCH.

By NORMAN SCOTT.

The hands of the office clock point to twelve—office clocks never strike—and Clarkson carefully wipes his pen on the lining of his coat. He removes his paper cuffs and places them in his desk, from which he takes out his towel and hair brush, and descends to the unventilated lavatory. After a hasty wash and brush up, he changes his tail-coat for one similar in shape, but a little less shiny in places. His top-hat is carefully, almost tenderly, brushed and cajoled into an imitation of gloss, and Clarkson steps out into the Lane at 12.5.

Two minutes walking brings Clarkson to his restaurant, or to give its self-chosen title—depôt. When Clarkson commenced his career in the City, his senior was instructed to take him out to lunch. The present depôt was the one chosen, and Clarkson has never changed. Why should he?

Occasionally, Clarkson has deviated from the straight path to this accustomed depôt, and the reason has always been the same. The sight of a crowd has an irresistible attraction, and though he knows it is but a fallen horse, Clarkson pushes his way to the front.

Never in Clarkson's experience has anything more exciting happened, but he could no more pass a crowd than he could do without his lunch. Why should he?

He enters the depôt, descends to the smoking room, and makes straight for a table in the corner. Three men, much the same in appearance as Clarkson, are already seated there. Without warmth, without even looking at them, he shakes hands with each in turn. He is not particularly glad to see them and why he shakes hands with them he could not tell. He has always done so, other people do so—it is the custom. Why shouldn't he?

He looks at the menu. No list of soups, joints, entrées, and sweets, this, but a plain statement of plain food, bordered by the brusque, almost brutal-looking command, "No Gratuities." He knows this menu by heart, but still he looks at it and orders his lunch. The waitress stares heavily at him whilst he gives his order, and turns away without a word, without a sign. Clarkson knows that she has heard, that she seldom makes a mistake, and he does not expect an answer. Why should she answer?

The waitress again approaches—this time with a huge tray laden with dishes. With marvellous dexterity and unerring memory, she picks out the proper food and clatters it down beside Clarkson. A small portion of cold fish, a large, solid-looking roll, a cup of coffee, which has been so generously poured out that there is an overflow in the saucer, and a piece of damp cake studded with currants.

Clarkson rearranges his dishes. Since infancy he has been accustomed to have his cup on his right hand, his bread on his left, and his fish, flesh, or fowl, in the middle. Despite the waitress he adheres to this plan.

The roll is cut into regular strips, and with an almost mathematical precision he measures the correct amount of butter to be spread on each strip. Two forks serve as instruments wherewith to overcome the fish. With a deftness acquired by long practice, he handles the fork in his right hand as most people would a knife. Clarkson has never seen a fish-knife there. It has never occurred to him to ask for one. Why should he?

In a wonderfully short time the meal—even to the damp cake—is stowed away. The plates are piled with the empty coffee cup uppermost, and pushed to one side.

Clarkson produces from one tail pocket a pipe, from the other pocket a pouch. The pipe is an ordinary straight-stemmed affair, without any silver embellishment. The pouch looks, at the first glance, more like a purse made of plush, and has Clarkson's monogram embroidered in bright colours on one side. The filling of the pipe with the fine-cut mixture again calls into play Clarkson's mathematical precision. A certain amount is broken off and pressed down till the pipe is about three-quarters full.

One by one the men whom he has joined go through the hand-shaking formality once more, take up their little tickets, and depart. When the last has gone Clarkson takes out his paper and runs through the news paragraphs he had not time to read in the morning. The leaders and the articles he keeps over for the evening.

His eyes begin to wander frequently to the clock—how he is dominated by clocks—and exactly at 12.42 he rises and makes his way through the forest of tables and chairs to the cashier's desk. His ticket and ninepence are pushed through the pigeon-hole, and Clarkson bids the cashier good-day.

He walks back to the office and taps his pipe out at the door. Another exchange of coats, a donning of the paper cuffs, and at 12.50 the ledger is again having attention.

Clarkson has lunched.

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BULL'S EYES.

Some Unfounded and Confounded Rumours:—
That the Government has bitten off more than it can chew.
That the "publican" is necessarily a "sinner."
That the Sleeping Sickness Commission should have met at the War Office.
That the Port of London is a Tarra-goner.
That the L.C.C. rate is a "moderate" one.
That the time limit proposal is the absolute limit.
That Lord Townshend is a Representative Peer.
That "Children first" is the motto of all sects in the Education dispute.
That Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria is proud of his country's generosity.

If the Licensing Bill becomes law, the title of a famous old song will be changed to "There *ain't* a Tavern in the Town."

A Parisian doctor has invented a bit to cure children of biting their nails. It should curb the habit a bit.

A new song, "Where the Sunshine Falls," is composed by Mr. C. H. Fogg.

At Marylebone, a woman said, "I cannot help stealing. I have been afflicted by it since I was a child." She should take something for it.

Twelve of Raisuli's warriors are to appear at the Hippodrome in a "powder play." It should go off well.

A new book is called "The Inward Light." It is just out.

"Love is like the measles," says Jerome K. Jerome. Because it is usually a rash affair, we presume.

Angered by the attempt on his life, the Shah is said to have thrashed Prince Zafer, Governor of Teheran, with a stick. He appears to have thought it would make him Zafer.

Charged at Clerkenwell with various frauds, Alfred Lawson declined to utter a word. The Judge supplied him with a sentence, and gave him time to think it over.

According to the *Express*, roast beef is becoming unpopular. Are we "returning to our muttons"?

Miss Gawthorpe threatens that all the Ministers may want a rest cure in the autumn. But all the Suffragists may have tried arrest cure by then.

"Circumstances flatten a man out sometimes," says W. J. Locke. So the expression "under the circumstances" may sometimes be right after all.

Seven years was the sentence on George West, who set fire to three haystacks in order to get into prison. His burning desire was gratified.

"Bye-Election in a hurry," reads a heading in a contemporary. Wouldn't "Hastings to the Hustings," have been better?

According to Judge Edge, nine-tenths of the "diamonds" worn nowadays are glass. A transparent device.

Dr. Helen Bourchier complains that the Holloway beds are not wide enough, An old female grievance.

"An unmarried man is an untested man," says Mrs. Craigie. All his trials are before him.

In the *British Medical Journal* it is stated that a doctor's "expectancy of life is less than that of most." But his "expectancy of death" is more.

"Can I put anything in my baby's nightly bath so that a flea anywhere near will not touch him?" asks a *Star* querist. We suggest water.

Succo, the fasting man, has been having a bad time. After starving to live, it would be hard lines to starve to death.

Mrs. Gleason, of La Porte, Indiana, is seeking her eighth divorce. Married life has evidently been a "trying" time to her.

An evening paper talks of "the tragedy of being rich," but after all, it isn't as distressing as the comedy of being poor.

Though a New York Judge has sent Caldwell to an asylum, the doctors there won't take their affidavit whether he is insane or not. Probably he was only mad at the extradition proceedings.

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LARGEST SALE IN THE WORLD.

Certain diseases and complaints are peculiar to certain trades and conditions. The following may be noted :—

Sweeps—The "flu."
Tramps—Sleeping sickness.
Servants—Chaps.
Coopers—Whooping cough.
Millers—Corns.
Soldiers—Shooting pains.
Milkmen—Cancer.
Farmers—Styes.
Jockeys—Hoarseness.
Cooks—Boils.
Poulterers—Chicken-pock.
Socialists—Scarlet fever.
Suffragettes—Rash.
Gas-fitters—Gastritis.

A merchant of Youngstown recognised the figure of his long lost wife while watching a cinematograph picture. It must have been a moving picture.

Discussing the District's bad outlook, an official of the company thinks it will "come round all right." What say the inner circle?

The Suffragettes in the van were soon in the cart.

In the "Who Was Mrs. Taylor?" case, a witness said the deceased lady's brother was steady and yet not steady. Apparently he drank 'alf pints of 'alf and 'alf.

The Island of Ocetivy has been annexed to the British Empire. There was some dispute as to its ownership; so we stole it.

It is announced that Spring weather is coming. Christmas also, probably.

An Aldersgate Street firm has been summoned for adulterating mustard. They got it rather hot.

The Harley Street doctor who has given a pen-picture of the influenza germ, says :—". . . . it grows rapidly on the gelatine. It gains weight, at both ends, but not in the middle, presenting the appearance of a dumbbell." Now we know where they got the idea of the Diabolo.

Another outbreak at Belfast—only this time it is spotted fever. It ought to be a good time for orangemen.

Advt. in the *Vegetarian*: "Business man, vegetarian, hygienic, requires bedroom, seven breakfasts and one dinner on Sunday." Oh, these vegetarians!

On being charged with excessive speed, a chauffeur at Kingston said, "The Kingston people pay their rates with motor fines." What about the death rate?

Methuens have just published "The Young Columbine." A novelty that has long been absent from our pantomimes.

Mr. Will Thorne wants to include bicycles in "personal luggage" The railway directors think the Bill too personal.

A Yeovil doctor complains of coughing in church during sermon time. Nobody need wonder. Some curates would give anybody the shivers.

A Cairo paper says some of us can remember getting married, but few of us whether we proposed. Perhaps we didn't. We may have been lured.

A subway is to be constructed near the Elephant and Castle. A trunk line, no doubt.

One of the papers says that "nobody knows how many goats there are in England." Nor how many asses.

A correspondent considers athletics spoils a girl's looks. Beauty cannot stand the racquet.

A musical journal asks: "What Becomes of Old Stars?" They are sold for waste paper, we fear.

Congratulations to the *Literary World*. It has now secured a *Reader*.

If a woman's gossip is to be credited, "Money as a substitute for love is like ashes in the place of gold." On the other hand, love as a substitute for money is like kisses in the place of the four-pound loaf.

"Lost from the Russian Embassy, a blue Persian cat." It is rumoured that a strict watch is being kept on British sausage makers.

GREAT MEDICAL SENSATION FOR 1908.

NEW HOPE FOR THOSE WITH WEAK CHEST AND LUNGS.

SCIENTIFIC HOME TREATMENT.

The year 1908 has brought the greatest medical sensation of modern times, and to a certain group of ailing people a new message of life is given.

This sensation comes in the shape of positive proof that diseases of the chest, lungs, and respiratory organs may be cured in the sufferer's own home by a "Nature" cure that is suitable for adoption by even the weakest persons.

The great ideal of all medical endeavour in this especial direction has been to make home treatment possible, and now, after very severe tests, it is certain that a rational Nature cure, conducted under proper supervision, will wipe out all traces of weakness and ailments of throat and chest.

Imagine what this means to thousands of people in this country alone. Where, at one time, by reason of inconvenience and expense, a really rational cure was impossible, now this cure is open to all for immediate adoption. It cannot then be wondered that the greatest enthusiasm prevails among medical experts—indeed, among all classes—for it is hoped that now one of the worst human scourges will itself be wiped out.

When we consider that the last three years have probably been the worst ever experienced by sufferers from diseases of the respiratory organs, the importance of the new method of dealing with such troubles will be realised. Let us explain how the change has been brought about, and how it is possible for every reader of this page who is ailing to benefit by the splendid advancements that have been made.

NATURE'S OWN CURE.

Some few years ago there was established at Burgess Hill, near Brighton, a large Institution where a natural treatment for the permanent cure of chest and lung troubles could be carried out. This was attended with such great success that every endeavour was made to give the same treatment to sufferers in their own homes. As we have stated, the treatment was severely tested in this connection, and to-day it is proved beyond a doubt that the Weidhaas Home Treatment for diseases of throat, lungs, and chest, such as Asthma, Bronchitis, Consumption, Catarrh, Hæmorrhage, shortness of the breath, wheezing, excessive expetoration, and coughing, etc., may be adopted by any sufferer in his or her own home, with every possibility of obtaining speedy relief and a permanent cure.

This Weidhaas Natural Treatment is a treatment that has for its basis the great scientific laws that govern all human ailments. Nature has her own cure for all breakdowns of her own handiwork. We were not intended to poison our bodies with narcotics and drugs, neither were we intended by violent shocks of strenuous endeavours to seek for health. The Weidhaas Treatment conforms to the natural laws that govern health and the astonishing record of success in such cases of Asthma, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Blood Spitting, Respiratory Troubles, and other chest weaknesses is sufficient testimony to its powers to cure.

A VALUABLE BOOK FREE.

There has been prepared by Professor Haynel, the distinguished Chief Specialist to the Weidhaas Institute, a remarkable work, which tells us all about the Weidhaas Nature Treatment, and, in addition, is a complete, popular, scientific treatise on all troubles of the chest, throat, and lungs. This remarkably valuable work will be sent free of charge to any sufferer who writes stating the nature of the trouble from which he or she is ailing.

A special letter of advice will also be sent free to all those who place themselves in communication with the Weidhaas Specialists, and state fully the nature of their symptoms.

No sufferer from Asthma, Bronchitis, chest, lung, or throat malady should fail to write for the valuable book mentioned. It is appropriately entitled "Dum Spiro Spero" (Whilst I breathe I hope). We should like to add that in this work are given the opinions of medical men, the clergy, besides hundreds of actual cured sufferers, as to the value of the Weidhaas Treatment.

All applications for the book and the free letter of advice should be addressed to the Head Specialist of the Weidhaas Institute, 36G, Burgess Hill, Sussex.—ADVT.

JOHN BULL'S LETTER BAG.

[The Editor *replies to, and has a chat with, some of his numerous correspondents.*]

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Will readers when sending cuttings from newspapers take care that in each case a sufficient portion is sent to identify the name of the paper and the date of issue?

THE PUBLIC TRUSTEE SCANDAL.—All copies of the Petition must be returned to us without fail by Monday, the 23rd inst.

C. R. W. (East Greenwich) is a bit too fastidious. He objects to the phrase "naval vessels," which he thinks as unnecessary as "military soldiery." But surely all vessels do not necessarily belong to the Navy. He also objects to "have pleasure in enclosing herewith," but that is nothing to some legal documents.

A. H. R. (Tottenham) wants Mr. Justice Phillimore's opinion of Mr. Solly Joel. Why not write straight to his lordship?

"Bon Accord" wants us to take up the case of a man who got 60 days' imprisonment for stealing a cap. There was, however, a previous conviction and the aggravation of house-breaking.

M. H. F. (Upton Pak) sends us a copy of the *Ilford Recorder*, which contains figures of the Ilford tramways' traffic receipts during one week this year and the corresponding period last year. The fun is provided by the fact that Monday, January 27th, is given twice over with different amounts, and that the columns are added up incorrectly. We suggest that an auditor should be called in next time.

Miss E. W. (Stockport) is being worried byActe & Co., but need not be anxious.

J. B. (Salford) has a boy of 14 who has received from Gerome and Co. packets of seeds which they expect him to sell for twopence each. J. B. says he can buy a pound of such seeds for a penny, and wants to know whether Gerome & Co. can hold him responsible if his boy does not dispose of the packets. Certainly not. Gerome appears to be the same person as Acte, and we have exposed both many times.

P. M. (Reigate) and H. B. O'D. (Regent Street) both send us a cutting from the *Daily Express* about the Dublin Crown jewels' inquiry. According to a witness, "at last he discovered a case of jewels. . . . And he found that was gone also." Quick work, was it not?

W. F. J. (Birkenhead).—We are afraid that *Ally Sloper's* joke is above our head.

H. M. (Newport), having just discovered that the figure o does not count at the beginning of a number, has hunted up a bundle of old covers of John Bull, and wants to know whether they represent many guineas. Unfortunately none of his numbers were drawn.

F. V. B. (Barrow-on-Humber) sends us copies of *London Opinion* for February 8th and 15th, drawing our attention to the fact that one and the same joke appears in both numbers. Perhaps the paper was a bit short of jokes.

G. M. (Norbury) sends us Messrs. Spiers & Pond's advertisement of "Tea in perfection, the imperial blend, unrivalled for delicacy of autumnal flavour." He thinks autumnal flavour is suggestive of old hay. Or dead leaves?

F. W. (Wesham).—Certainly do not let the "poor labourer" buy the watch from those people.

J. E. P. (Norwich).—Quite right to cremate the tea circular. Thanks for your thanks.

Q. T. (Wales).—By all means lay traps to expose blackmailers.

"Man of Kent."—We quite agree with you that a dread of Socialism is more likely to have affected recent elections than any new-born love for tariff reform.

H. H. and R. L. S. (Leeds).—Jim Crow has already enough sin on his conscience without being responsible for the sartorial vagaries of civic festivities.

J. C. and A. C. (Birmingham).—See answer to "Man of Kent."

F. W. H. (Manchester) tells us that the city organist recently gave his weekly recitals in the Manchester Town Hall. After playing for about two minutes, he had to retire because the organ went wrong. Next morning, however, the local papers gave a lengthy criticism, and complimented him on his splendid performance. Evidently another case of intelligent anticipation.

L. A. W. S. (Ventnor) wants a biscuit for the *Daily Mirror* for stating that "it is a significant fact that the proportion of bachelors, both male and female, is increasing." But he has forgotten that the word bachelor was applied by Ben Jonson to "an unmarried woman." In the "Magnetick Lady" he wrote:

> "We do not trust your uncle; he would keep you
> A bachelor still, by keeping of your portion;
> And keep you not alone without a husband,
> But in a sickness."

W. S. (London, E.C.) sends us a sensational-looking illustrated letter about what he calls "Tariff Reform." His chief argument seems to be connected with the result of some recent bye-elections. It would take a good many arguments of that kind to convince us that we should be better off if we had to pay more for our food and clothing.

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This is the cry of every employer throughout the United Kingdom to-day. Trained men are wanted. It is for the untrained man that there is no demand.

Hundreds of untrained applicants are now on employers' lists waiting to fill poorly-paid positions. And they are likely to continue waiting, because the supply of untrained men is greater than the demand. On the other hand, employers are continually writing asking us to supply them with trained men to fill responsible well-paid posts.

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F. W. S. (Ipswich) sends us an announcement headed "Canada." There was to be a free lantern lecture by a prominent Canadian agriculturist at 8 p.m., and "all" were invited, but they were not told where to go. As the announcement wound up with the words, "Passages booked by Waters & Son, The Canadian Emigration Offices, 45, Princes Street, Ipswich," our correspondent concluded that the lecture was to be delivered in Canada. Quick transit, however, would have been necessary, as the advertisement said "to-day."

"ANTILIMERICK" (Harborne).—We had intended giving up noticing Limericks, but we cannot refuse a reference to the lines, "Her 'nice eyes' brought 'nici's,' they say," which conveys as little to our mind as it does to yours. The *News of the World*, however, seems to have given £67 4s. 7d. each to two people for this and an almost identical line. We are therefore driven to the conclusion that two people exist, besides the editor of the *News of the World*, who attach some meaning to nici.

B. C. (Hatherleigh).—We have always been of opinion that many local magistrates are "prone to prejudice and biassed in opinion, having one law for their intimates and another for outsiders." At the same time, we always refuse to pronounce upon cases unless we have the full evidence before us. Newspaper reports are not enough to go upon.

F. B. (Battersea) had a bet with a friend that the Conservatives would reduce the Liberal majority at Leeds by 1,500 or more. He asks if he has won. We cannot sanction betting in any form

"FAIR PLAY" (Stratford) sends us a cutting about a "Christian" guardian, named Gill, who declined to allow the workhouse children to go to the pantomime, to which the generous manager had invited them free of charge, on the ground that theatres were "immoral." Poor wretch—and poor kiddies! In contrast, he also sends an account of an entertainment given by the rector of Rayne to his parishioners, with beer and baccy thrown in. Good old rector of Rayne. Long may he rayne.

"ANON." would like our views as to what the Bishop of St. Asaph ought to have done in the case of the schoolmistress. Our reply is, followed the example of his Master.

P. J. M. (Kingstown).—If you'll think it over, you'll see that the new Patent Act is based on the very opposite principles to those of Protection.

J. E. F. (New Cross).—We should not imagine that back numbers of the *Times* were of any value, but if any reader likes to make a bid, we will let you know.

D. N. (Cardiff).—The best place to obtain pamphlets on the fiscal question is the Free Trade Union, 8, Victoria Street, S.W.

H. E. (Rock Ferry) wants Mr. Vivian to write some more articles about Socialism. The idea shall have our best consideration.

"A VICTIM" (East Dulwich).—Hard lines, but we are not a Court of Limerick appeal.

S. H. (Chorley Wood) draws our attention to an award of £83 for a Limerick line which does not scan. Nothing, however, surprises us in connection with these competitions. And the matter has been dealt with in another paper.

W. W. C. (Hanley) sends us a letter written to a local paper by "A Prominent Townsman," protesting against the wickedness of whist. What a number of wicked people there must be in the world, to be sure.

W. W. G. (Bayswater).—You can order the *Cornish Telegraph* at 285, High Holborn, or the *Cornishman* from Smith's bookstall.

A. H. (Montreal).—Many thanks, we have already given that juror a biscuit.

"COMIC TRAGEDIAN" (Dundee) has been taken in by Harvey Taylor and Co.'s dental lamps and would like to get his money back. We do not know what agreement he signed, but we fear he would only be throwing good money after bad if he sued them in the County Court. However, it would be one way of exposing them, and he would therefore be doing a public service. We are proud to hear that we are the only paper he reads. It is an excellent plan to avoid the distraction afforded by papers whose views are less sound than our own.

"A LOVER OF FREEDOM" (Sheffield) wants us to commence a campaign against Puritanism, "the enemy of our sports and pleasures." He says that if it is not crushed and conquered, it will be followed by reaction and excesses. We are doing all we can.

H D. (Burnley), though suffering from an attack of Protectionist hallucination, is good enough to approve of the greater part of our paper. If he will only persevere, perhaps he will come to appreciate us altogether in time.

"CANDIA" is indignant with one of our correspondents who asked for a serial. Having read that Jim Crow does not drink tea at this time of year, he wants to know what Jim does drink. Water, he hopes. We fear that he is of too sanguine a disposition.

G. M. (Norbury) likes us, but wishes we would avoid politics, because he is a Tariff Reformer. We understand.

"JAY" (Rhondda Valley).—We will keep our eye on the Merthyr stipendiary, but we cannot undertake to send Jim Crow down to be bullied by the beak.

F. J. S. (Leyton) sends a paragraph about a pipe and some sandwiches in a bag being in a boat which had been found bottom uppermost. No biscuit, for perhaps the boat had a locker.

"TOZAVE" (Gunnersbury) sends us a form of receipt with the three columns headed "Love," "Sincere Friendliness," and "Deep Respect." We appear to have sent him some of the two latter, but, alas, no love! The omission must be repaired at once. But he will have the revenue authorities down upon him if he puts only a halfpenny stamp on a receipt for our love. Surely it is worth more than £2.

"DON'T DO IT" (Burton-on-Trent) protests against the idea of giving John Burns more than £2,000 a year, but surely John should be allowed the Trade Union rate of wages for his job.

W. D. (London, N.) wants to know whether Jim Crow has ever seen an angel or spoken in tongues. Jim replies that he is rather fond of angels, but he prefers them only to have one tongue apiece. The Yankee paper scarcely deserves serious notice.

F. L. (Collier's Wood, Merton) sends us his experience of the Employers' General Bureau (96, High Holborn). On December 12, 1907, he sent them 5s. Hearing nothing, he began calling upon the manager, but failed to see him. At last, when he had threatened publicity, he received a somewhat discourteous letter inquiring whether he would "consider a post as collector-representative." This proposal seems to him absurd, as he had entered particulars of his ability as a bookkeeper and accountant. It all sounds unsatisfactory, but the manager may be justified in saying that we hear from his dissatisfied clients and not from those he has benefited. If, however, he cannot even supply introductions, he is scarcely justified in continuing to advertise vacancies.

"ISIS" (UpperSydenham) is amazed by our enormous circuation. So are we.

H. H. (Poplar), E. P. (London, E.C.), O. J. D. (Colchester), R. T. (Aberdare), "Destroyer" (Sheerness), E. A. (Leicester), F. L. B. (Stamford Hill), S. G. (Rotherham), E. G. H. (Exeter), G. B. (Wrexham), J. P. B. (Leeds), A. W. (Manchester), and J. H. (Glasgow). May your shadows never grow less.

(We regret we are obliged to hold over a large number of replies.)

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From the nature of our business we are in a position to offer high-class Cars at less than half the market prices.
Inspection Invited.

RACING NOTES.

By W. Lotinga.
("Larry Lynx" of "The People," and "Magpie" of "The Globe.")

Prophetic.

At Lingfield to-day (Thursday), should the ground remain firm, the Hurdle Handicap should fall to Solano, while at

Kempton, sport is of tip-top class, and it will be here, in lieu of Lingfield, as formerly, that jumping will die a hard death—that is, as far as being unopposed for the remainder of the season. I cannot abstain from the belief that Shiplake has only to jump anything like reasonably well to win the Selling Steeplechase Handicap, while on the Sandown form, even the penalty may not stop Reality in the Hurdle Handicap. I shall, however, utterly disregard the Gatwick form of The Alant, and also expect to see Nightingall's stable win the Middlesex Steeplechase with

Macmurrough

—who is a much better horse over a country than at hurdle racing—and also the Littleton Handicap with First Champion, who stays well. So, too, has the diminutive Master at Arms quite a nice chance—even on his Hurst Park form against Jerry M.—in the Spring Handicap.

THE LINCOLN AND NATIONAL.

There has been no betting on the Lincoln or National, so that two or three horses at absolutely false prices are "dire," solely because few books are open.

As regards the probable issues of next week's important events, if attempting to name the winners in once, I should take Woodland's horses,

Longcroft

in the Lincoln, and

Extravagance

for the National. Neither is a "great" horse, but they are both genuine candidates, thoroughly fit and well, while Longcroft is immensely improved, and Extravagance is one of the *very very* few certain to get the Liverpool course. It is almost impossible to expect a little and unfashionable stable like Woodland's to win a big handicap like the Lincoln—much less both races—but those supporting his representatives WIN and PLACE will probably have to "draw" over each race; anyhow, they are merely inaugurating what should be a systematic "following"—with certain eventual profitable result.

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The Sporting Times of March 7 says: "Mr. Stuart's Rules are distinctly in favour of Backers."

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Why the Offer is made and how it is accomplished.

"THE MINT" was established in 1906 as a Paper for the Home Circle. On account of its popular and unique character it quickly reached a subscription circulation of 25,000 copies per month.

The proprietors now feel that it has outgrown its mission as a Monthly Journal, and

It will appear weekly on and after Friday, March 27th next.

"THE MINT" is not a financial paper.

but a Journal for the Home Circle. You will find it contains wise comment, delightful fiction, solid business, and numerous articles and short stories by the most brilliant writers of the day. Superlatively interesting and amusing, it is the best pennyworth on the market; full of surprises and Cash Prizes; the brightest, wittiest, and most entertaining Journal of modern times.

How the prizes are provided and guaranteed.

In order at once to secure an additional 100,000 Annual Subscribers, we have purchased outright, from a responsible firm of Bankers, a number of Panama Bonds, all of which will participate in numerous Drawings for huge Cash Prizes. These bonds are absolutely guaranteed by a deposit of French Government Securities, and are not in any way dependent upon the success of the Panama Canal Scheme.

THE GUARANTEE FUND AMOUNTS TO SIX MILLION POUNDS STERLING, THE PRIZES BEING SECURED BY SECURITIES OF THE FRENCH GOVERNMENT, the second richest Nation in the World. The security is unimpeachable, being equivalent to British Consols.

Six Drawings take place each year until 1913, when the following Cash Prizes will be paid to the fortunate winners. At the drawings on April 15th, August 15th, and December 15th, the Cash Prizes are as follows:—

Three Prizes of	£20,000		£60,000
Three Prizes of	4,000		12,000
Six Prizes of	400		2,400
Six Prizes of	200		1,200
Fifteen Prizes of	80		1,200
150 Cash Prizes of	40		6,000
Total for the three drawings above, 183 cash prizes value			£82,800

At the Drawings on February 15th, June 15th, and October 15th, the Cash Prizes are as follows:—

Three Prizes of	£10,000		£30,000
Three Prizes of	4,000		12,000
Six Prizes of	400		2,400
Six Prizes of	200		1,200
Fifteen Prizes of	80		1,200
150 Cash Prizes of	40		6,000
Total for the three drawings above, 183 cash prizes value			£52,800

The combined Six Drawings thus give a Grand Total of **288 CASH PRIZES, VALUE £135,600 PER ANNUM UNTIL 1913,** after which date the Cash Prizes will be varied.

REMEMBER THE DATE OF THE FIRST DRAWING IS APRIL 15th NEXT.

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1.—"THE MINT" post free for 52 consecutive weeks.

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PLEASE NOTE.—Unless you send in your subscription forthwith we cannot guarantee you will be in time for the first Prize Drawing on **APRIL 15th next.**

J.B.

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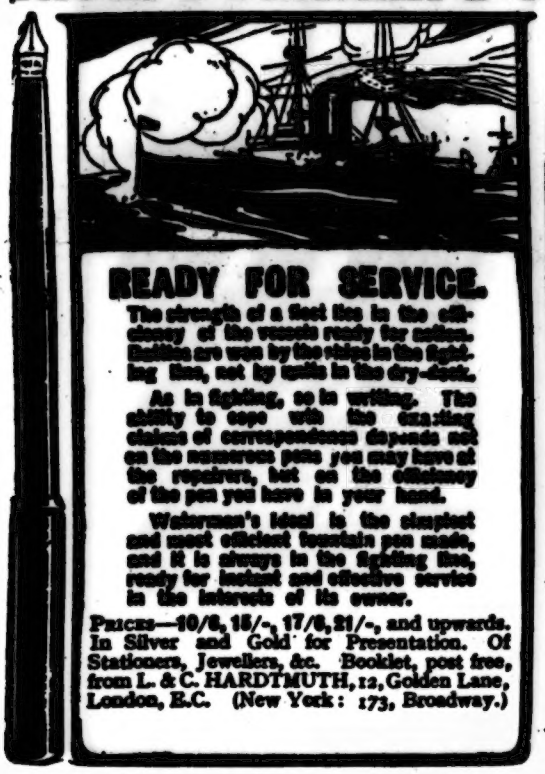

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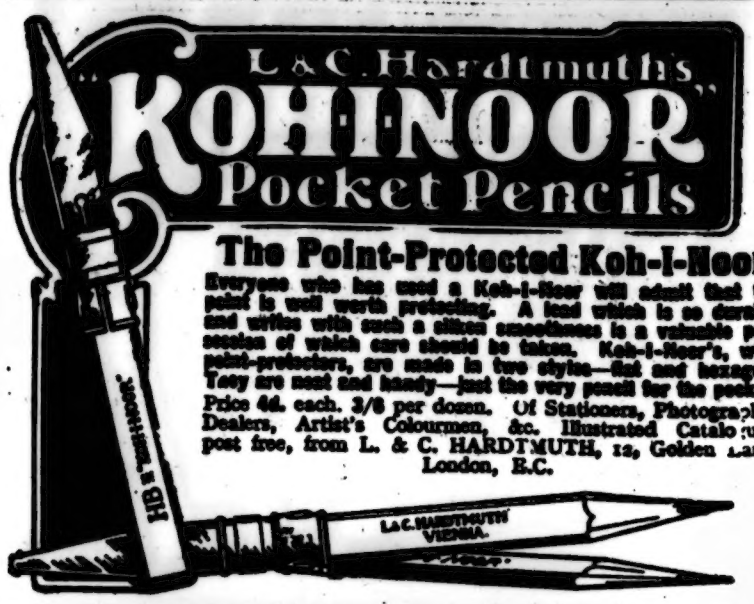

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